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PREFACE.

BUT few words are necessary as introductory to this brief manual. It is offered to the student as an assistant and guide in the study of Reading and Elocution. A full analysis of tones of voice is given, and a carefully prepared chart. The rules are exceedingly brief and to the point. To all students we can but say this: The art of Elocution is within your reach; barriers may seemingly rise before you, but you can surmount them; do not be in haste; master thoroughly the principles laid down in the first few pages, then with care study each selection, and you will succeed.

We now place this volume in your hands, with the hope that it may be the means of rendering the subject of Elocution more attractive; and that all may be encouraged to cultivate those great gifts of God to man, Voice and Action.

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INSTRUCTION IN
ELOCUTION AND DECLAMATION.

ANALYSIS OF PRINCIPLES.

"ELOCUTION includes the whole theory and practice of the principles which govern the outward exhibition of the inward workings of the mind."

POSITION.

In standing or sitting, the person should be erect; the shoulders well thrown back, weight resting mainly on either right or left foot, when standing. Be perfectly free and easy in your position, let no part of the body be contracted in any manner.

BREATHING.

Daily practice of deep breathing develops the power of the lungs and the volume of the voice. Always breathe through the nose. Place thumbs upon abdomen, throw the shoulders back, inhale long breath, exhale, placing the lips so as to form element "*o*." Change position and again continue the practice.

It has been decided by physicians that more cases of hoarseness, pulmonary consumption, etc., come from improper breathing than all other causes combined. Too much stress cannot be placed upon the above exercise.

EMBARRASSMENT.

Embarrassment ever presents itself as the first barrier to the young reader. Several causes may produce it; yet the

chief cause is improper use of the breathing apparatus. The moment before a person is about to read or speak, he frequently works himself into a sort of an excitement, and takes short and quick breaths. A few moments after he begins to read, he overcomes this; yet a blunder on the first sentence often causes a total failure. A calm, modest, yet commanding bearing carries with it a world of weight! To overcome embarrassment, keep in mind this simple rule, *Inhale and exhale four long breaths just before you attempt to speak or read.* Hundreds of my students will attest its value; the causes are cited above.

STAMMERING.

Stammering may result from several causes. There may be some defect in the organs of speech; such being the case, physicans have pronounced it incurable. It generally results from embarrassment and haste. We would follow the same principle as in embarrassment, simply: *Divide the attention*, and the stammerer is cured. Those that stammer sing with ease. Take a person that stammers, request him to strike his hand on table, book, or something, and count with you; next let him speak words instead of counting and he *will not stammer.* By beating time when he speaks, his attention is divided, and soon stammering, which is habit in nine cases out of ten, will be completely cured.

ENUNCIATION.

Much has been said and written on the culture of the human voice, and in a brief treatise like this we do not propose to enter into a full consideration of the breathing and vocal apparatus. We would refer the student to "Rush on the Human Voice." We will confine our remarks mainly to the exposition of principles that *will work* results.

Voice comes to us like other of God's gifts, not perfect. We lisp before we speak; yet men in this practical world ofttimes regard this gift as perfect and complete in itself, not a talent to be cultivated and developed by proper study.

History has told us repeatedly, that men are not born orators. By long and continued study have they attained eminence.

A clear and distinct utterance, a full and deep tone constitute the basis of all good reading. Each element, each syllable, each word should have its due proportion of sound.

To cultivate clearness, practise daily upon the vowel sounds. Give the sound both low and high, loud and soft, deep and aspirated. Follow this practice with certain combinations of consonants that you have found difficult to enunciate; then syllables, words, and finally sentences.

The vowel sounds are given below for individual or class practice.

A, *long*, as in ale, fate, gray.
A, *short*, as in add, fat, have.
A, Italian, as in arm, father, palm.
A, *broad*, as in all, talk, swarm.
A, as in ask, class, grass.
A, as in fare, dare, air.
E, *long*, as in me, mete, peace.
E, *short*, as in met, end, check.
E, *like a*, as in ere, there, heir.
I, *long*, as in ice, fine, mire.
I, *short*, as in ill, it, fin.
O, *long*, as in old, note, loaf.
O, *short*, as in odd, not, torrid.
O, *like long oo*, as in move, do, tomb.
U, *long*, as in use, tube, lute.
U, *short*, as in us, tub, but.
U, *like short oo*, as in pull, push, put.
Oi, as in oil, join, moist.
Ou, as in out, hound, thou.

A few of the consonants are given below, they should be treated, in the practice, as the vowels in the preceding table:

B, as in bat, bag, but.
D, as in dun, did, need.

F, as in fit, fame, fife.
L, as in let, bell, knell.
M, as in man, drum, rum.
N, as in nun, nay, wind.
Ng, as in song, ring, king.
R, as in rap, run, round.
Th, as in thine, thus, beneath.
Z, as in zeal, maze, was.
Zh, as in vision, leisure, azure.
Sh, as in shun, shade, sash.

Other of the vowel or consonants sounds may be given and practised, if the teacher or pupil find it necessary. Particular attention should be given to the sounds of long *e* and *a*, broad *a* and long *o*, which is one of the clearest sounds in the language. Of the consonants *m*, *n*, and *l* are remarkable for their musical sound. Drum, wind, and bell are fine examples to illustrate. Dwell upon these elements in enunciating the word.

Master these elements and you will have advanced a step in the cultivation of the voice.

A few words frequently mispronounced, and a few test sentences are given below.

What, when; banishment, punishment, government; and, command; real, ideal; last, past; poem; exhausted; idea; aye; lexicon, Creator, orator; brightness, fondness; home; bell, wind, drum; rapping; personification, valetudinarian, congratulation, intercommunication.

(1.) "Round the rude ring the ragged rascals ran."

(2.) "The wild beasts struggled through the thickest shade."

(3.) "The swinging swain swiftly swept the swinging sweep."

(4.) "The stripling stranger strayed through the struggling stream."

(5.) "Up the hill he heaves the huge round stone."

These words and sentences should first be pronounced by the teacher; and then simultaneously by the class, as a con-

cert exercise, at first slowly, then more and more rapidly. By this means the most timid will be relieved of embarrassment.

The tone, time, and pitch are ever changing. Monotone means not only one tone, but a corresponding sameness or oneness of time and pitch. Some selections require the monotone, but it is chiefly confined to solemn discourse.

VOICE.

Voice is an audible sound made by the breath. No sound can be made without breath, no full and clear sound, unless the lungs be properly inflated.

We have two divisions of tone, which may be denominated the Pure and the Impure.

The Pure tone is where all the breath is vocalized.

The Impure tone is where all the breath is not vocalized.

There are several subdivisions that we give below, in the form of a chart. By study a clear conception of all the tones can be learned from it. The Orotund is simply deeper and fuller than the Pure.

- Pure.
  - Pure, (or unemotional).
    - Effusive.
    - Expulsive.
  - Orotund.
    - Effusive.
    - Expulsive.
- Impure.
  - Guttural.
  - Aspirate.
  - Tremor.

The Pure effusive tone might be compared to the soprano in singing. Pure expulsive to the alto. Orotund effusive to the tenor; and the Orotund expulsive to the bass. The quality of the voice is quite clearly indicated in the names of the other tones. No work on this topic can supply the place of a living teacher. We cite a few examples for a drill exercise on the qualities of the voice.

Pure, effusive:

"I really take it very kind—
This visit, Mrs. Skinner,

I have not seen you for an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!")

Pure, expulsive:

"There his voice grew low and faltering; slowly came each painful breath;
Two brave forms laid side by side, then death had loved a shining mark;
And two sad mothers say, 'It has grown dark, ah, very dark!'"

Orotund, effusive:

(1.) "I go; but not to leap the gulf alone."
(2.) "By all the fiery stars! I'd bind it on!"

Orotund, expulsive:

(1.) Charge, soldiers, charge!"
(2.) "I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death."

Guttural:

(1.) "And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out Heaven for something warm,
To prop a horrible inward sinking."
(2.) "I hate him, for he is a Christian."

Aspirate:

(1.) "Hush! hark! A deep sound strikes like a rising knell!"
(2.) "Listen! I heard a footstep, no! 'tis gone."

Tremor:

(1.) "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door."
(2.) "The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony are thine."

These examples will serve to give the student a clear idea of "tones;" numerous selections will be found in Part Second for class drill and practice. Some simple sentence might be selected by the teacher to be recited by the whole class in all the various tones. This will be found a valuable exercise. "Come one, come all"—is well adapted for such an exercise.

It is very seldom that a whole selection is read in one tone of voice throughout. The ear would tire, were this the case; and the most interesting subject would lose all interest. The student must decide, to a great extent, what tone should be used. Cultivate the low and deep tones, the expulsive pure and orotund. Deep breathing will be found very beneficial to the cultivation of these tones. The aspirate has a power that at times cannot be overestimated. In the sentence, "He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died"—the word "*gasped*" should be given in the full aspirate, and the word "*died*" in what might be termed a mingling of the aspirate and tremor.

The guttural is used extensively in expressions of denunciation, revenge, etc. 'Tis a very unpleasant tone; and the throat may be exceedingly injured by long and continued practice. In the character of Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice," this tone is chiefly used.

From these brief remarks, we think that by a little thought, the qualities of voice may be clearly understood, and properly applied.

EMPHASIS.

Of this and many other important elements our space will force us to be very brief. Take this single rule: *The most important word is the most emphatic.* Study the selection thoroughly, fully understand the author, and this simple rule will ever be found a correct guide.

STRESS.

Experience has taught us that readers fail oftener upon this than emphasis. Prof. Murdock has defined stress as the effusive, expulsive, explosive. The effusive is the unemotional or most natural; the expulsive is where the element is dwelled upon; the explosive is where the element is exploded, it may be compared to the cracking of a whip. Be sure you give a word its proper stress; though you throw extra

force upon an emphatic word, you fail unless you give that word its proper stress.

PITCH, TIME, SLIDE.

Good readers do not pitch their voice as high as poor ones, nor do they read as rapidly as poor ones. Guard against these two errors. In any sentence where a *doubt* is indicated use the *rising slide*, in other cases the *falling*. When in doubt concerning which should be used, always use the *downward* slide.

GRAMMATICAL AND RHETORICAL PAUSES.

No definite idea can be formed of the exact length of pauses. The reader must be governed wholly by the style of the selection. The rhetorical pause has a power that all public speakers and readers soon learn. We give this one general rule. *Before every important word or sentence, make a pause.* Silence always commands attention; having gained that, the word or sentence will fall with double weight.

POSITION, ACTION, GESTURE.

Gesture can be taught, and can be learned. History has confirmed this assertion many times. Nor will a person's gestures be necessarily mechanical, because he has attained the elements of true grace and action by studying the best models. One might as reasonably argue that the rules of grammar and rhetoric tend to cramp a man's language, as that taught gestures tend to promote stiffness and mannerism. Gesture can be learned by careful study and practice; yet I would state here that *gesture must be natural*, and consistent throughout.

Let the position be erect, the eyes not set, nor elevated too much, and the body kept firm. Guard against making too many gestures; and though enthusiasm is the great secret of success, be not carried away with it. *One gesture marks one idea.* The palm of the hand should generally be turned

toward the audience. The hand should leave the body more closed than when it strikes the position Avoid all angular movements, ever keep a circle in mind. At times, the hand may be placed on certain parts of the body to mark important thoughts. There is a power, a beauty, in gesture. Cultivate it and learn its mighty force.

EXPRESSION.

The countenance is the index of the mind. Horace has said, "Nature forms us first within to all the outward circumstances of fortune." The thought should be expressed upon the countenance ere the words are spoken. Certain attitudes may be assumed at times to more fully express the idea.

PERSONATION.

The importance of personation is ofttimes overlooked. It forms a leading feature in all critical reading. You must first clearly understand the character you wish to personate; then you must study the peculiarities of such a character; and your work, then, is to imitate *true to life.* Action, which includes position, gesture and expression, forms an important element in personation. Numerous examples in personation will be found under Part Second, so we will cite none here.

THE INTERJECTION.

The interjection indicates a sigh, groan, surprise, fear, or some sudden emotion of the mind. It is not necessary always to give the sound indicated by the letters expressed. Simply a sigh generally expresses what the writer intends to convey by the words, *Oh!* and *Ah!* yet in some cases a scream should be given.

We cite a few sentences below for class and individual practice. They form a fine elocutionary drill for concert exercises. We leave the student to determine the emphatic words, the slide, and the tones of voice.

EXERCISES.

(1.) "The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer."

(2.) "Here sleeps he now alone."

(3.) "I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

(4.) "Have you forgotten, General," the battered soldier cried,
The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I was at your side."

(5.) "Tell father when he comes from work, I said good night to him."

(6.) "And hark! the deep voices replying
From the graves where your fathers are lying:
'Swear! Oh! swear!'"

(7.) "I will not, must not, dare not grant your wish."

(8.) "In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and saying: 'Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.'"

(9.) "I would uncover the breathless corpse of Hamilton; I would take from his wound the bloody mantle, and would hold it up to Heaven before them; and I would ask—in the name of God I would ask, whether, at sight of it, they felt no compunction."

(10.) "Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances."

(11.) "Grant me but one day—an hour."

(12.) "Sink or swim, live or die, I am for the declaration."

(13.) "See how the timbers crash beneath his feet!
O, which way now is left for his retreat?"

TRUE ELOQUENCE.—*Webster.*

(14.) When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions are excited, nothing is valuable, in speech, farther than it is connected with high, intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence indeed does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in

vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

Subdued Example.

(15.) "If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-Year,
It is the last New-Year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low in the mould and think no more of me.
To-night I saw the sun set! he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind,
And the New-Year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree."

From the Merchant of Venice.

(16.) PORTIA. Do you confess the bond?
ANTONIO. I do.
PORTIA. Then must the Jew be merciful.
SHYLOCK. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.
PORTIA. The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown;
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute of God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice."

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

To be successful in teaching elocution, one must be able to throw life and enthusiasm in the class. This can be reached by no better means than through the medium of concert exercises. These will inspire confidence, and by this means, will the teacher succeed in bringing out the voices of the class. Too great an amount of matter is frequently passed over by classes. "Spartacus" will alone afford any class material for several weeks' study. Yet classes need

variety; a whole recitation should never be spent on a single selection. The sentences given at the close of the introduction will aid the teacher in securing variety. Other directions will be found under the head of "Voice," "Embarrassment," "Action," etc.

Concerning the study of colloquies, this thought should be borne in mind by the student: that he must forget self and live for the time in that character. Too great stress cannot be placed upon action and position in producing colloquies on the stage at school exhibitions.

RECITATIONS AND DIALOGUES.

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG.

A. LINCOLN, NOV. 1864.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs thundering south
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire;
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both,
And striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzahs,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray,
By the flash of his eye, and his nostril's play
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,—
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,—
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

THERE'S BUT ONE PAIR OF STOCKINGS TO MEND TO-NIGHT.

An old wife sat by her bright fireside,
Swaying thoughtfully to and fro

In an easy chair, whose creaky craw
  Told a tale of long ago ;
While down by her side, on the kitchen floor,
Stood a basket of worsted balls—a score.

The good man dozed o'er the latest news,
  Till the light in his pipe went out ;
And, unheeded, the kitten with cunning paws
  Rolled and tangled the balls about ;
Yet still sat the wife in the ancient chair,
Swaying to and fro in the fire-light glare.

But anon, a misty tear drop came
  In her eyes of faded blue,
Then trickled down in a furrow deep
  Like a single drop of dew ;
So deep was the channel—so silent the stream—
That the good man saw nought but the dimmed eye beam

Yet marvelled he much that the cheerful light
  Of her eye had heavy grown,
And marvelled he more at the tangled balls,
  So he said in a gentle tone—
" I have shared thy joys since our marriage vow,
Conceal not from me thy sorrows now."

Then she spoke of the time when the basket there
  Was filled to the very brim ;
And now, there remained of the goodly pile
  But a single pair—for him ;
" Then wonder not at the dimmed eye-light,
There's but one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

" I cannot but think of the busy feet,
  Whose wrappings were wont to lay
In the basket, awaiting the needle's time—
  Now wandering so far away ;

How the sprightly steps to a mother dear,
Unheeded fell on the careless ear.

"For each empty nook in the basket old
By the hearth there's a vacant seat;
And I miss the shadows from off the wall,
And the patter of many feet;
'Tis for this that a tear gathered over my sight,
At the one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

"'Twas said that far through the forest wild,
And over the mountains bold,
Was a land whose rivers and darkening caves
Were gemmed with the rarest gold;
Then my first-born turned from the oaken door—
And I knew the shadows were only four.

"Another went forth on the foaming wave,
And diminished the basket's store;
But his feet grew cold—so weary and cold—
They'll never be warm any more—
And this nook, in its emptiness, seemeth to me
To give forth no voice but the moan of the sea.

"Two others have gone toward the setting sun,
And made them a home in its light,
And fairy fingers have taken their share
To mend by the fire-side bright;
Some other basket their garments will fill—
But mine, mine is emptier still.

Another—the dearest, the fairest, the best—
Was taken by angels away,
And clad in a garment that waxeth not old,
In a land of continual day;
Oh! wonder no more at the dimmed eye-light,
When I mend the one pair of stockings to-night."

MODULATION.

LLOYD.

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
When desperate heroes grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.
The voice all modes of passion can express,
That marks the proper word with proper stress ;
But none emphatic can that speaker call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on all.

Some o'er the tongue the labored measures roll,
Slow and deliberate as the parting toll ;
Point every stop, mark every pause so strong—
Their words like stage processions stalk along.

All affectation but creates disgust,
And e'en in speaking, we may seem too just ;
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows.
Whose recitation runs it all to prose ;
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjointing from its favorite noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill the allotted scene
With lifeless drawls, insipid and serene ;
While others thunder every couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.
More nature oft, and finer strokes are shown
In the low whisper, than tempestuous tone ;
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixed amaze
More powerful terror to the mind conveys
Than he, who, swollen with impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom of the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks the internal woe
Than all the windings of the lengthed Oh!
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions—all the soul is there.

THE DRUMMER-BOY'S BURIAL.

HARPERS' MAGAZINE.

All day long the storm of battle through the startled valley swept;
All night long the stars in heaven o'er the slain sad vigils kept.

Oh the ghastly upturned faces gleaming whitely through the night!
Oh the heaps of mangled corses in that dim sepulchral light!

One by one the pale stars faded, and at length the morning broke;
But not one of all the sleepers on that field of death awoke.

Slowly passed the golden hours of that long bright summer day,
And upon that field of carnage still the dead unburied lay.

Lay there stark and cold, but pleading with a dumb, unceasing prayer,
For a little dust to hide them from the staring sun and air.

But the foeman held possession of that hard-won battle plain,
In unholy wrath denying even burial to our slain.

Once again the night dropped round them—night so holy and so calm
That the moonbeams hushed the spirit, like the sound of prayer or psalm.

On a couch of trampled grasses, just apart from all the rest,
Lay a fair young boy, with small hands meekly folded on his breast.

Death had touched him very gently, and he lay as if in sleep;
Even his mother scarce had shuddered at that slumber calm and deep.

For a smile of wondrous sweetness lent a radiance to the face,
And the hand of cunning sculptor could have added naught of grace

To the marble limbs so perfect in their passionless repose,
Robbed of all save matchless purity by hard, unpitying foes.

And the broken drum beside him all his life's short story told:
How he did his duty bravely till the death-tide o'er him rolled.

Midnight came with ebon garments and a diadem of stars,
While right upward in the zenith hung the fiery planet Mars.

Hark! a sound of stealthy footsteps and of voices whispering low,
Was it nothing but the young leaves, or the brooklet's murmuring flow?

Clinging closely to each other, striving never to look round
As they passed with silent shudder the pale corses on the ground.

Came two little maidens,—sisters,—with a light and hasty tread,
And a look upon their faces, half of sorrow, half of dread.

And they did not pause nor falter till, with throbbing hearts, they stood
Where the Drummer-boy was lying in that partial solitude.

They had brought some simple garments from their wardrobe's scanty store,
And two heavy iron shovels in their slender hands they bore.

Then they quickly knelt beside him, crushing back the pitying tears,
For they had no time for weeping, nor for any girlish fears.

And they robed the icy body, while no glow of maiden shame
Changed the pallor of their foreheads to a flush of lambent flame.

For their saintly hearts yearned o'er it in that hour of sorest need,
And they felt that Death was holy, and it sanctified the deed.

But they smiled and kissed each other when their new strange task was o'er,
And the form that lay before them its unwonted garments wore.

Then with slow and weary labor a small grave they hollowed out,
And they lined it with the withered grass and leaves that lay about.

But the day was slowly breaking ere their holy work was done,
And in crimson pomp the morning again heralded the sun.

And then those little maidens—they were children of our foes—
Laid the body of our Drummer-boy to undisturbed repose.

THE PILOT—A THRILLING INCIDENT.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

JOHN MAYNARD was well known in the lake district as a God-fearing, honest and intelligent pilot. He was pilot on a steamboat from Detroit to Buffalo. One summer afternoon —at that time those steamers seldom carried boats—smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out:

"Simpson, go below, and see what the matter is down there."

Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes and said,

"Captain, the ship is on fire."

Then "Fire! fire! fire!" on shipboard.

All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed

on the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was found useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot:

"How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we can reach there?"

"Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger! here—see the smoke bursting out—go forward if you would save your lives."

Passengers and crew—men, women and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose. The captain cried out through his trumpet:

"John Maynard!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"Southeast by east, sir."

"Head her southeast and run her on shore," said the captain.

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore.

Again the captain cried out:

"John Maynard!"

The response came feebly this time, "Aye, aye, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" he said.

"By God's help, I will."

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to its God.

THE BOYS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

This poem was addressed by the author, in 1859, to the "boys" who graduated with him at Harvard College thirty years previously, in the Class of 1829.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! we're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy—young jackanapes! show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white* if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
It's a neat little fiction—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—what's his name?—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was *true!*
So they chose him right in—a good joke it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's the "Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys—always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS!

THE DUEL.

THOMAS HOOD.

In Brentford town, of old renown,
There lived a Mister Bray,
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
And so did Mr. Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith
By all it was allowed,
Such fair outsides are seldom seen,
Such angels on a cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay:
You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell, but there your court
No thoroughfare shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love;
I, who have shot a pigeon match,
Can shoot a turtle dove.

So pray, before you woo her more,
Consider what you do;
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,
I'll pop it into you.

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray:
Your threats I quite explode;
One who has been a volunteer
Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you unless
Your passion quiet keeps,
I, who have shot and hit bull's eyes,
May chance to hit a sheep's.

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend apiece,
This pleasant thought to give—
When they were dead they thus should have
Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long
The seconds then forbore,
And, having taken one rash step,
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol pan
Against the deadly strife,
By putting in the prime of death
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,
But when they took their stands
Fear made them tremble, so they found
They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.:
Here one of us may fall,
And like St. Paul's Cathedral now
Be doomed to have a ball.

I do confess I did attach
Misconduct to your name,
If I withdraw the charge, will then
Your *ramrod* do the same?

Said Mr. B.: I do agree,
But think of Honor's Courts!
If we go off without a shot
There will be *strange reports.*

But look, the morning now is bright,
Though cloudy it begun;
Why can't we aim above, as if
We had called out the sun?

So up into the harmless air
Their bullets they did send;
And may all other duels have
That upshot in the end!

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

CAMPBELL.

WIZARD. Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight;
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain!
But, hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh, Glenullen! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard! around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high,
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of Heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling—all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL. False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshaled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one;
They are true, to the last of their blood and their breath;
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock;
Let him dash his proud foam, like a wave—on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD. Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king!
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!

Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight;
Rise, rise, ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
——'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores!
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war drum is muffled, and black is the bier—
His death-bell is tolling! Oh, mercy! dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims!
Accurs'd be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale;
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame!

SOCRATES SNOOKS.

ANON.

Mister Socrates Snooks, a lord of creation,
The second time entered the married relation;
Xantippe Caloric accepted his hand,
And they thought him the happiest man in the land.
But scarce had the honey-moon passed o'er his head,
When, one morning, to Xantippe, Socrates said:

"I think, for a man of my standing in life,
This house is too small, as I now have a wife:
So, as early as possible, carpenter Carey
Shall be sent for to widen my house and my dairy."

"Now, Socrates, dearest," Xantippe replied,
"I hate to hear everything vulgarly *my'd;*
Now, whenever you speak of your chattels again,
Say, *our* cow house, *our* barn-yard, *our* pig-pen."
"By your leave, Mrs. Snooks, I will say what I please
Of *my* houses, *my* lands, *my* gardens, *my* trees."
"Say *our*," Xantippe exclaimed in a rage.
"I won't, Mrs. Snooks, though you ask it an age!"

Oh, woman, though only a part of man's rib,
If the story in Genesis don't tell a fib,
Should your naughty companion e'er quarrel with you,
You are certain to prove the best man of the two.
In the following case this was certainly true;
For the lovely Xantippe just pulled off her shoe,
And laying about her, all sides at random,
The adage was verified—"Nil desperandum."
Mister Socrates Snooks, after trying in vain
To ward off the blows, which descended like rain—
Concluding that valor's best part was discretion—
Crept under the bed, like a terrified Hessian:
But the dauntless Xantippe, not one whit afraid,
Converted the siege into a blockade.
At last, after reasoning the thing in his pate,
He concluded 'twas useless to strive against fate:
And so, like a tortoise, protruding his head,
Said, "My dear, may we come out from under *our* bed?"
"Hah! hah!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Socrates Snooks,
I perceive you agree to my terms by your looks:
Now, Socrates, hear me—from this happy hour,
If you'll only obey me, I'll never look sour."

'Tis said the next Sabbath, ere going to church,
He chanced for a clean pair of trousers to search;
Having found them, he asked, with a few nervous twitches,
"My dear, may we put on our new Sunday breeches?"

MOSAIC POETRY.

I only know she came and went — *Lowell.*
Like troutlets in a pool; — *Hood.*
She was a phantom of delight, — *Wordsworth.*
And I was like a fool. — *Eastman.*

"One kiss, dear maid," I said, and sighed, — *Coleridge.*
"Out of those lips unshorn." — *Longfellow.*
She shook her ringlets round her head, — *Stoddard.*
And laughed in merry scorn. — *Tennyson.*

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky! — *Tennyson.*
You hear them, oh! my heart? — *Alice Carey.*
'Tis twelve at night by the castle clock, — *Coleridge.*
Beloved, we must part! — *Alice Carey.*

"Come back! come back!" she cried in grief, — *Campbell.*
My eyes are dim with tears— — *Bayard Taylor.*
How shall I live through all the days, — *Mrs. Osgood.*
All through a hundred years? — *T. S. Perry.*

'Twas in the prime of summer time — *Hood.*
She blessed me with her hand; — *Hoyt.*
We strayed together, deeply blest, — *Edwards.*
Into the dreaming land. — *Cornwall.*

The laughing bridal roses blow, — *Patmore.*
To dress her dark brown hair; — *Bayard Taylor.*
No maiden may with her compare, — *Brailsford.*
Most beautiful, most rare! — *Read.*

I clasped it on her sweet, cold hand, — *Browning.*
The precious golden link; — *Smith.*
I calmed her fears, and she was calm, — *Coleridge.*
"Drink, pretty creature, drink!" — *Wordsworth.*

And so I won my Genevieve, — *Coleridge.*
And walked in Paradise; — *Hervey.*
The fairest thing that ever grew — *Wordsworth.*
Atween me and the skies. — *Mrs. Osgood.*

BURIAL OF THE CHAMPION OF HIS CLASS, AT YALE COLLEGE.

N. P. WILLIS.

Ye've gathered to your place of prayer
With slow and measured tread:
Your ranks are full, your mates all there—
But the soul of one has fled.
He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of ye all;
Why lies he at that length,
And ye around his pall?

Ye reckon it in days, since he
Strode up that foot-worn aisle,
With his dark eye flashing gloriously,
And his lip wreathed with a smile.
O, had it been but told you, then,
To mark whose lamp was dim—
From out yon rank of fresh-lipp'd men,
Would ye have singled him?

Whose was the sinewy arm, that flung
Defiance to the ring?
Whose laugh of victory loudest rung—
Yet not for glorying?
Whose heart in generous deed and thought,
No rivalry might brook,
And yet distinction claiming not?
There lies he—go and look!

On now—his requiem is done,
His last deep prayer is said—
On to his burial, comrades—on,
With a friend and brother dead!
Slow—for it presses heavily—
It is a man ye bear!

Slow, for our thoughts dwell wearily
On the gallant sleeper there.

Tread lightly, comrades!—we have laid
His dark locks on his brow—
Like life—save deeper light and shade:
We'll not disturb them now.
Tread lightly—for 'tis beautiful,
That blue-vein'd eyelid's sleep,
Hiding the eye death left so dull—
Its slumber we will keep.

Rest now! his journeying is done—
Your feet are on his sod—
Death's blow has fell'd your champion—
He waiteth here his God.
Ay—turn and weep—'tis manliness
To be heart-broken here—
For the grave of one the best of us
Is water'd by the tear.

SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

An old and crippled veteran to the War Department came,
He sought the Chief who led him on many a field of fame—
The Chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er his banner rose,
And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying foes.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered soldier cried,
"The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I was at your side?
Have you forgotten Johnson, who fought at Lundy's Lane?
'Tis true, I'm old and pensioned, but I want to fight again."

"Have I forgotten?" said the Chief: "My brave old soldier, no!
And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell you so;
But you have done your share, my friend; you're crippled, old, and gray,
And we have need of younger arms and fresher blood to-day."

"But, General," cried the veteran, a flush upon his brow,
"The very men who fought with us, they say are traitors now:
They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old red, white and blue,
And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop is true.

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good old gun,
To get the range of traitors' hearts, and prick them, one by one.
Your Minie rifles and such arms, it ain't worth while to try;
I couldn't get the hang o' them, but I'll keep my powder dry!"

"God bless you, comrade!" said the Chief,—"God bless your loyal heart!
But younger men are in the field, and claim to have a part;
They'll plant our sacred banner firm, in each rebellious town,
And woe, henceforth, to any hand that dares to pull it down!"

"But, General!"—still persisting, the weeping veteran cried,
"I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're my guide;
And some you know must bite the dust, and that, at least, can I;
So, give the young ones place to fight, but me a place to die!

"If they should fire on Pickens, let the colonel in command
Put me upon the rampart with the flag-staff in my hand:
No odds how hot the cannon-smoke, or how the shell may fly,
I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them till I die!

"I'm ready, General; so you let a post to me be given
Where Washington can look at me, as he looks down from heaven.
And say to Putnam at his side, or, may be, General Wayne—
'There stands old Billy Johnson, who fought at Lundy's Lane!'

"And when the fight is raging hot, before the traitors fly—
When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting in the sky,
If any shot should pierce through me, and lay me on my face,
My soul would go to Washington's and not to Arnold's place!"

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The cluster'd spires of Frederick stand,
Green-wall'd by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of that famish'd rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early Fall.
When Lee march'd over the mountain wall,

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapp'd in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon look'd down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bow'd with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men haul'd down.

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouch'd hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shiver'd the window-pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatch'd the silken scarf.

She lean'd far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirr'd
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag toss'd
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

"I WOULDN'T—WOULD YOU."

ANONYMOUS.

When a lady is seen at a party or ball,—
Her eyes vainly turn'd in her fits of conceit,
As she peers at the gentlemen, fancying all
Are enchained by her charms and would kneel at her feet,
With each partner coquetting,—to nobody true;—
I wouldn't give much for her *chances:* would you?

When an upstart is seen on the flags strutting out,
With his hat cock'd aslant, and a glass in his eye;
And thick clouds of foul smoke he stands puffing about,
As he inwardly says, "what a noble am I,"—
While he twists his moustache for the ladies to view;
I wouldn't give much for his *senses:*—would you?—

When a wife runs about at her neighbors to pry,
Leaving children at home, unprotected to play;
Till she starts back in haste at the sound of their cry,
And finds they've been fighting while mother's away,
Sugar eaten—panes broken—the wind blowing through;
I wouldn't give much for her *comfort:*—would you?

When a husband is idle, neglecting his work,
In the public-house snarling with quarrelsome knaves;
When he gambles with simpletons, drinks like a Turk,
While his good wife at home for his poor children slaves;
And that home is quite destitute—painful to view;
I wouldn't give much for his *morals:*—would you?

When a boy at his school, lounging over his seat,
Sits rubbing his head, and neglecting his book,
While he fumbles his pockets for something to eat,
Yet pretendeth to read when his master may look,
Though he boasts to his parents how much he can do;
I wouldn't give much for his *progress*:—would you?

When a man who is driving a horse on the road,
Reins and whips the poor brute with unmerciful hand,
Whilst it willingly strives to haste on with its load,
Till with suff'ring and working it scarcely can stand;
Though he may be a man—and a wealthy one too;
I wouldn't give much for his *feeling*:—would you?

When a master who lives by his laborers' skill,
Hoards his gold up in thousands, still craving for more,
Though poor are his toilers he grindeth them still,
Or unfeelingly turns them away from his door;
Though he banketh his millions with claims not a few;
I wouldn't give much for his *conscience*:—would you?

When a tradesman his neighbor's fair terms will decry,
And keeps puffing his goods at a wonderful rate;—
E'en at prices at which no fair trader can buy;—
Though customers flock to him early and late;
When a few months have fled and large bills become due,
I wouldn't give much for his *credit*:—would you?

When in murderous deeds a man's hands are imbrued.
Tho' revenge is his plea, and the crime is conceal'd,
The severe stings of conscience will quickly intrude,
And the mind, self-accusing, can never be heal'd;—
When the strong arm of justice sets out to pursue,
I wouldn't give much for his *freedom*:—would you?

When a husband and wife keep their secrets apart,
Not a word to my spouse about this, or on that;
When a trifle may banish the pledge of their heart,
And he naggles—she snaggles;—both contradict flat;

Tho' unequall'd their love when its first blossoms blew;
I wouldn't give much for their *quiet*:—would you?

When a man who has lived here for none but himself,
Feels laid on his strong frame the cold hand of death,
When all fade away,—wife, home, pleasures, and pelf,
And he yields back to God both his soul and his breath:
As up to the judgment that naked soul flew,
I wouldn't give much for his *Heaven!*—would you?

THE PROFESSOR PUZZLED.

F. B. WILSON.

PROFESSOR. PUPIL.

SCENE.—*The Professor's Study. Professor seated by table examining some manuscripts.* (*Enter Pupil, smoking.*)

PUPIL. Good evening, Professor. (*Throws himself into a chair.*)

PROF. Good evening, sir. As this is the last lesson of your course, I wish to call your attention to the different topics that we have taken up in your previous lessons. I must say, Mr. S., that your success has not been as great as it might have been. You have been in too great a hurry. You wished to be drilled on the "Raven" and Shakspeare before you fully understood the tones of voice. Emphasis and slide, the great beauty of good reading, have been almost wholly overlooked by you, notwithstanding my repeated cautions. It is not my intention to criticize your performance this evening. I shall take up all the essential elements that constitute an orator, and I am confident that from the drill you have had, you ought to be able to give them correctly. I therefore consider this lesson a sort of an examination. You may place yourself where the audience can see you, and take first position, sitting. (*Pupil takes position.*)

PUPIL. Shall I now give a personation of a band of minstrels opening an entertainment?

PROF. You may, and then be done with burlesque.

PUPIL. (*Picking up programme from floor.*) Colored folks, seein' you've 'sembled yourself this evening fer the purpose of entertaining de white population, de fus' thing dat strikes my optical observation on dis evening's programme am de overture, so throw yourself away. (*throws himself.*)

PROF. Let us now leave the minstrels to finish their own performance, and go on with ours. Rise, take first position. Give the sentence, "Let me grasp thee," in the orotund.

PUPIL. (*Takes position.*) "Let me grasp thee" (*catches hold of Prof.*)

PROF. Back! I asked for the tone, not the action.

PUPIL. But what power have words without action?

PROF. Without action all oratory sinks into insignificance. Demosthenes gave action as the first, second and third requisites to a perfect orator. But you are now not performing the part of a speaker, you are simply giving the elements that constitute one. Take now the selection, "She loved me," etc.

PUPIL. "She loved me for the tales I told,
I loved her for the beer she sold."

PROF. Is your memory so weak, or is the burlesque so deeply seated in you that you murder the most beautiful passages?

PUPIL. You gave me to understand that it was tone you wanted, not action, so I concluded that if I gave you the tone correctly, even words were of minor importance.

PROF. Different selections require different tones. Words have all to do with tone. As you are inclined to the comic, you may recite a stanza from the Irish Picket.

PUPIL. "I'm standing in the mud, Biddy,
With not a spalpeen near;
And silence spachless as the grave
Is the only sound I hear;
This southern climate's quare, Biddy,
A quare and beastly thing,

Wid winter absent all the year,
And summer in the spring."

PROF. A little too much of the dramatic, but we will pass on. You may now sit. (*Pupil sits.*) Recite an extract from the "Hypochondriac."

PUPIL. The "Hypohcondriac?" I never saw him.

PROF. We have had that selection during your course. You are to personate a man that is ever complaining, one who imagines he has all the "many ills to which the flesh is heir."

PUPIL. I remember. Give me a towel to tie on my head.

PROF. This will do as well. (*Hands him red silk handkerchief. He ties it on.*)

PUPIL. "Good morning, Doctor; how do you do? I haint quite as well as I have been; but I think I am somewhat better than I was. I don't think that last medicin' you gin me did me much good. I had a terrible time with the earache last night; my wife got up and drapped a few draps of walnut sap into it, and that relieved it some; but I didn't get a wink of sleep till nearly daylight. For nearly a week, Dr., I've had the worst kind of a narvous headache; it has been so bad sometimes that I thought my head would bust open. Oh, dear! I sometimes think that I am the most afflictedest human being that ever lived. (*coughs.*) Oh, dear! but that aint all, Dr., I've got fifteen corns on my toes—and I'm afeard I'm going to have the yellow jaundice. (*coughs.*)

PROF. We will now drop the comic. You may next give the closing part of Catiline's speech.

PUPIL. (*rises.*) "I go; but not to leap the gulf alone." (*Makes desperate leap on stage.*)

PROF. Hold! Mr. S., you well know that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and why do you murder that sublime passage?

PUPIL. I was merely following out the teachings of Demosthenes—action is the essential element in true oratory.

PROF. Proper action, but not monkey-shines. At the word leap you may make a gesture with your hand. How often have I told you that stamping, or feet gestures, were entirely out of place. Try it again.

PUPIL. "I go; but not to leap alone,
I go; but when I come 'twill be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. *Good-bye now.*"

PROF. "Good-bye now;" are those words in the original?

PUPIL. Words of the same import are, and as the words "Fare thee well," imply the same as "good-bye," I know of no reason why we may not use them.

PROF. The rules of oratory, I admit, are many and variable. You are now reciting a classical production, and the words "good-bye" cannot be considered classical. Begin again at that point.

PUPIL. "Fare you well!
You build my funeral pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame! Back, Contrabands, I will return."

PROF. Contraband is a word not in use at that time. I tell you, Mr. S., I am becoming discouraged. You are too careless. Take for your last selection Hamlet's soliloquy.

PUPIL. "To marry, or not to marry? that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The jeers and banters of outrageous females,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by proposing, end them. To court; to marry;
To be a bach no more; and, by a marriage, end
The heart-ache, and the thousand and one ills
Bachelors are heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. But the dread of something after
Makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

(*Comical exit.*)

THANATOPSIS.

W. C. BRYANT.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods: rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of Heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes, to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

THE TWO ROADS.

RICHTER.

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He mournfully raised his eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself were moving towards their inevitable goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind unfurnished, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked towards the sky, and cried out, in his anguish: "O, youth, return! O, my father, place me once more at the crossway of life, that I may choose the better road!" But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over dark marshes, and then disappear. "Such," he said, "were

the days of my wasted life!" He saw a star shoot from heaven, and vanish in the darkness athwart the church-yard. "Behold an emblem of myself!" he exclaimed; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to the heart.

Then he remembered his early companions, who had entered life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and industry, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church-tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards that heaven where they dwelt. His darkened eyes dropped tears, and, with one despairing effort, he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! Come back!"

And his youth did return; for all this had been but a dream, visiting his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his errors only were no dream. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years shall be passed, and your feet shall stumble on the dark mountains, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O, youth return! O, give me back my early days!"

THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

ANONYMOUS.

'Tis Saturday night, and the chill rain and sleet
Is swept by the wind down the long dreary street;
The lamps in the windows flicker and blink,
As the wild gale whistles through cranny and chink;
But round yon door huddles a shivering crowd
Of wretches, by pain and by penury bowed;

And oaths are muttered, and curses drop
From their lips as they stand by the Pawnbroker's shop.

Visages, hardened and seared by sin;
Faces, bloated and pimpled with gin;
Crime, with its plunder, by poverty's side;
Beauty in ruins and broken-down pride.
Modesty's cheek crimsoned deeply with shame;
Youth's active form, age's fast-failing frame,
Have come forth from street, lane, alley, and stop,
Heart-sick, weary and worn, at the Pawnbroker's shop.

With the rain and the biting wind chilled to the bone.
Oh! how they gaze upon splendor, and groan!
Around them—above them—wherever they gaze,
There were jewels to dazzle and gold to amaze;
Velvets that tricked out some beautiful form;
Furs, which had shielded from winter and storm;
Crowded with "pledges," from bottom to top,
Are the chests and the shelves of the Pawnbroker's shop.

There's a tear in the eye of yon beautiful girl,
As she parts with a trinket of ruby and pearl;
Once as red was her lip, and as pure was her brow;
But there came a destroyer, and what is she now?
Lured by liquor, she bartered the gem of her fame,
And abandoned by virtue, forsaken by shame,
With no heart to pity, no kind hand to prop,
She finds her last friend in the Pawnbroker's shop.

The spendthrift, for gold that to-morrow will fly;
The naked, to eke out a meagre supply;
The houseless, to rake up sufficient to keep
His head from the stones through the season of sleep:
The robber, his booty to turn into gold;
The shrinking, the timid, the bashful, the bold;
The penniless drunkard, to get "one more drop,"
All seek a resource in the Pawnbroker's shop.

'Tis a record of ruin—a temple whose stones
Are cemented with blood, and whose music is groans;
Its pilgrims are children of want and despair;
Alike grief and guilt to its portals repair;
Oh! we need not seek fiction for records of woe;
Such are written too plainly wherever we go;
And sad lessons of life may be learned as we stop
'Neath the three golden balls of a Pawnbroker's shop.

THE SOPHOMORE'S SOLILOQUY.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

"To be, or not to be?" was Hamlet's question,
And his discourse draws tears from many an eye;
A nobler doubt finds in my heart suggestion—
To dye, or not to dye?

It is not that I fear the King of Terrors,
Cross-bones and skull call up no dire alarms;
Be sure I'll not commit that worst of errors,
Of rushing to his arms.

Whenever I am wanted down below,
Old Bones will come and catch me, if he can;
And I have no desire, unasked, to go
To haunts Tartarean.

Nor am I thinking of a dwelling charnel
In city grave-yard, or 'neath greenwood tree;
Than heavenly home, or stopping place infernal,
Earth hath more charms for me.

But of dyeing without pain or sorrow,
Or sad farewell, with fluttering, fainting breath;
A dyeing that may hap again to-morrow,
A dyeing without death.

Yet all the doubts that Hamlet there expresses
Are those that now are agitating me;

The hopes and fears, and vague, uncertain guesses
Of what my fate will be.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slights that nature puts upon me here,
Or take the chance of meeting something rougher
Than those which now I bear.

If black proved always jet, and purple never,
If yellow ne'er appeared for promised brown,
My doubts would vanish, and no mental fever
Would weigh my spirits down.

But yet, to see the smiles, and meet the glances
Of ridicule from girlhood's eyes that flash!
It is too bitter—I must take the chances,
And dye—my young moustache.

THE NATION'S HYMN.

ANONYMOUS.

Our past is bright and grand
In the purple tints of time;
And the present of our land
Points to glories more sublime.
For our destiny is won;
And 'tis ours to lead the van
Of the nations marching on,
Of the moving hosts of man!
Yes, the Starry Flag alone
Shall wave above the van,
Of the nations sweeping on,
Of the moving hosts of man!

We are sprung from noble sires
As were ever sung in song;
We are bold with Freedom's fires,
We are rich, and wise, and strong.

On us are freely showered
The gifts of every clime,
And we're the richest dowered
Of all the heirs of Time!
Brothers, then, in Union strong,
We shall ever lead the van,
As the nations sweep along,
To fulfil the hopes of man!

We are brothers; and we know
That our Union is a tower,
When the fiercest whirlwinds blow,
And the darkest tempests lower!
We shall sweep the land and sea,
While we march, in Union, great,
Thirty millions of the free
With the steady step of fate!
Brothers, then, in Union, strong,
Let us ever lead the van,
As the nations sweep along,
To fulfil the hopes of man!

See our prairies, sky-surrounded!
See our sunlit mountain chains!
See our waving woods, unbounded,
And our cities on the plains!
See the oceans kiss our strand,
Oceans stretched from pole to pole!
See our mighty lakes expand,
And our giant rivers roll!
Such a land, and such alone,
Should be leader of the van,
As the nations sweep along,
To fulfil the hopes of man!

Yes, the spirit of our land,
The young giant of the West,
With the waters in his hand,
With the forests for his crest—

To our hearts' quick, proud pulsations,
To our shouts that still increase,
Shall yet lead on the nations,
To their brotherhood of peace!
Yes, Columbia, great and strong,
Shall forever lead the van,
As the nations sweep along,
To fulfil the hopes of man!

ADDRESS TO A SKELETON.

ANONYMOUS.

[The MSS. of this poem, which appeared during the first quarter of the present century, was said to have been found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, near a perfect human skeleton, and to have been sent by the curator to the *Morning Chronicle* for publication. It excited so much attention, that every effort was made to discover the author, and a responsible party went so far as to offer a reward of fifty guineas for information that would discover its origin. The author preserved his *incognito*, and, we believe, has never been discovered.]

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of etherial spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot?
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye,
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed.
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue;

If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke;
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unvails Eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

A GLASS OF COLD WATER.

J. B. GOUGH.

WHERE is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all his children? Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors, and rank corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play; there God brews it. And down, low down in the lowest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the

the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder-storms crash; and away far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar; the chorus sweeping the march of God: there he brews it—that beverage of life and health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the leaves all seem to turn to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun; or a white gauze around the midnight moon.

Sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world; and waving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven; all checkered over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction.

Still always it is beautiful, that life-giving water; no poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depth; no drunken, shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in the words of eternal despair; speak on, my friends, would you exchange for it demon's drink, alcohol!

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

ANONYMOUS.

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen wanders up and down the street;
The snow is on her yellow hair, the frost is on her feet.
The rows of long, dark houses without look cold and damp,
By the struggling of the moonbeam, by the flicker of the lamp.
The clouds ride fast as horses, the wind is from the north,
But no one cares for Gretchen, and no one looketh forth.

Within those dark, damp houses are merry faces bright,
And happy hearts are watching out the old year's latest night.

With the little box of matches she could not sell all day,
And the thin, tattered mantle the wind blows every way,
She clingeth to the railing, she shivers in the gloom—
There are parents sitting snugly by the firelight in the room;
And children with grave faces are whispering one another
Of presents for the new year, for father or for mother.
But no one talks to Gretchen, and no one hears her speak,
No breath of little whisperers comes warmly to her cheek.

No little arms are round her: ah me! that there should be,
With so much happiness on earth, so much of misery!
Sure they of many blessings should scatter blessings round,
As laden boughs in Autumn fling their ripe fruits to the ground.
And the best love man can offer to the God of love, be sure,
Is kindness to his little ones, and bounty to his poor.
Little Gretchen, little Gretchen goes coldly on her way;
There's no one looketh out at her, there's no one bids her stay.

Her home is cold and desolate; no smile, no food, no fire,
But children clamorous for bread, and an impatient sire.
So she sits down in an angle where two great houses meet,
And she curleth up beneath her for warmth her little feet;
And she looketh on the the cold wall, and on the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars are bright fires up on high.
She hears the clock strike slowly, up in a church tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone, telling the midnight hour.

And she remembered her of tales her mother used to tell,
And of the cradle-songs she sang, when Summer's twilight fell;
Of good men and of angels, and of the Holy Child,
Who was cradled in a manger, when Winter was most wild;
Who was poor, and cold, and hungry, and desolate and lone;
And she thought the song had told he was ever with his own;
And all the poor and hungry and forsaken ones are his —
"How good of Him to look on me in such a place as this!"

Colder it grows and colder, but she does not feel it now,
For the pressure on her heart, and the weight upon her brow;
But she struck one little match on the wall so cold and bare,
That she might look around her, and see if He were there.
The single match has kindled, and by the light it threw
It seemed to little Gretchen the wall was rent in two;
And she could see folks seated at a table richly spread,
With heaps of goodly viands, red wine and pleasant bread.

She could smell the fragrant savor, she could hear what they did say,
Then all was darkness once again, the match had burned away.
She struck another hastily, and now she seemed to see
Within the same warm chamber a glorious Christmas tree.
The branches were all laden with things that children prize,
Bright gifts for boy and maiden—she saw them with her eyes.
And she almost seemed to touch them, and to join the welcome shout,
When darkness fell around her, for the little match was out.

Another, yet another, she has tried—they will not light;
Till all her little store she took, and struck with all her might:
And the whole miserable place was lighted with the glare,
And she dreamed there stood a little child before her in the air.
There were blood-drops on his forehead, a spear-wound in his side,
And cruel nail-prints in his feet, and in his hands spread wide.
And he looked upon her gently, and she felt that he had known
Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow—ay, equal to her own.

And he pointed to the laden board and to the Christmas tree,
Then up to the cold sky, and said, "Will Gretchen come with me?"
The poor child felt her pulses fail, she felt her eyeballs swim,
And a ringing sound was in her ears, like her dead mother's hymn:
And she folded both her thin white hands, and turned from the bright board,
And from the golden gifts, and said, "With thee, with thee, O, Lord!"

The chilly winter morning breaks up in the dull skies
On the city wrapt in vapor, on the spot where Gretchen lies.
In her scant and tattered garments, with her back against the wall,
She sitteth cold and rigid, she answers to no call.
They have lifted her up fearfully, they shuddered as they said,
"It was a bitter, bitter night! the child is frozen dead."
The angels sang their greeting for one more redeemed from sin;
Men said, "It was a bitter night; would no one let her in?"
And they shivered as they spoke of her, and sighed. They could not see
How much of happiness there was after that misery.

GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT.

ROBERT BROWNING

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped! Dirck galloped! we galloped all three!
"Good speed!" cried the Watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall, to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast!

Not a word to each other! we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle, and made its girth tight;
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right;
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit—
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit!

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mechlin church-steeple we heard the half-chime—
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,

To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her!
We'll remember at Aix!"—for one heard the quick wheese
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Loos and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky:
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our foot broke the brittle, bright stubble, like chaff;
Till, over by Dalhem, a dome-tower sprang white,
And, "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

How they'll greet us!"—And, all in a moment, his roan
Rolled neck and crop over, lay dead as a stone!
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat—each holster let fall—
Shook off both my jack-boots—let go belt and all—
Stood up in the stirrup—leaned, patted his ear—
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer!
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till, at length, into Aix Roland galloped and stood!

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due, who brought good news from Ghent.

THE SEA CAPTAIN'S STORY.

LORD LYTTON.

Gentle lady!
The key of some charm'd music in your voice
Unlocks a long-closed chamber in my soul;
And would you listen to an outcast's tale,
'Tis briefly told. Until my fourteenth year,
Beneath the roof of an old village priest,
Nor far from hence, my childhood wore away.
Then waked within me anxious thoughts and deep.
Throughout the liberal and melodious nature
Something seem'd absent—what, I scarcely knew—
Till one calm night, when over earth and wave
Heaven looked its love from all its numberless stars—
Watchful yet breathless—suddenly the sense
Of my sweet want swelled in me, and I ask'd
The priest—why I was motherless?
He wept and answer'd "I was nobly born!"
As he spake,
There gleamed across my soul a dim remembrance
Of a pale face in infancy beheld—
A shadowy face, but from whose lips there breathed
The words that none but mothers murmur!
'Twas at that time there came
Into our hamlet a rude jovial seaman,
With the frank mien boys welcome, and wild tales
Of the far off Indian lands, from which mine ear
Drank envious wonder. Brief—his legends fired me.
And from the deep, whose billows washed the shore
On which our casement look'd, I heard a voice

That woo'd me to its bosom: Raleigh's fame,
The New World's marvels, then made old men heroes,
And young men dreamers! So I left my home
With that wild seaman.
The villain whom I trusted, when we reached
The bark he ruled, cast me to chains and darkness,
And so to sea. At length no land in sight,
His crew—dark, swarthy men—the refuse crimes
Of many lands—(for he, it seems a pirate)
Call'd me on deck—struck off my fetters: "Boy!"
He said, and grimly smiled: "not mine the wrong;
Thy chains are forged from gold, the gold of those
Who gave thee birth!"
I wrench'd
From his own hand the blade it bore, and struck
The slanderer to my feet. With that, a shout,
A hundred knives gleam'd round me; but the pirate,
Wiping the gore from his gash'd brow, cried "Hold!
Such death were mercy." Then they grip'd and bound me
To a slight plank—spread to the wind their sails,
And left me on the waves alone with God!
That day, and all that night, upon the seas
Toss'd the frail barrier between life and death.
Heaven lull'd the gales; and when the stars came forth
All look'd so bland and gentle that I wept,
Recall'd that wretch's words, and murmur'd, "Wave
And wind are kinder than a parent."
Day dawn'd, and glittering in the sun, behold
A sail—a flag!
It pass'd away,
And saw me not. Noon, and then thirst and famine;
And, with parch'd lips, I call'd on death, and sought
To wrench my limbs from the stiff cords that gnaw'd
Into the flesh, and drop into the deep;
And then methought I saw beneath the clear
And crystal lymph, a dark, swift-moving thing,
With watchful glassy eyes—the ocean-monster
That follows ships for prey. Then life once more
Grew sweet, and with a strained and horrent gaze,

And lifted hair, I floated on, till sense
Grew dim and dimlier, and a terrible sleep,
In which still, still those livid eyes met mine,
Fell on me.
I awoke, and heard
My native tongue. Kind looks were bent upon me;
I lay on deck, escaped the ghastly death—
For God had watch'd the sleeper!

OUR HEROES.

JOHN A. ANDREW.

THE heart swells with unwonted emotion when we remember our sons and brothers whose constant valor has sustained, on the field, the cause of our country, of civilization, and liberty. On the ocean, on the rivers, on the land, on the heights where they thundered down from the clouds of Lookout Mountain the defiance of the skies, they have graven with their swords a record imperishable.

The Muse herself demands the lapse of silent years to soften, by the influences of Time, her too keen and poignant realization of the scenes of War—the pathos, the heroism, the fierce joy, the grief of battle. But, during the ages to come, she will brood over their memory. Into the hearts of her consecrated priests she will breathe the inspirations of lofty and undying beauty, sublimity, and truth, in all the glowing forms of speech, of literature, and plastic art. By the homely traditions of the fireside,—by the head-stones in the church-yard consecrated to those whose forms repose far off in rude graves by the Rappahannock, or sleep beneath the sea,—embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations of parents and children, the heroic dead will live on in immortal youth. By their names, their character, their service, their fate, their glory, they cannot fail:—

"They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore;

Their heads may sodden in the sun, their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle wall;
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to FREEDOM."

The edict of Nantes, maintaining the religious liberty of the Huguenots, gave lustre to the fame of Henry the Great, whose name will gild the pages of history after mankind may have forgotten the material prowess and the white plume of Navarre. The Great Proclamation of Liberty will lift the ruler who uttered it, our nation and our age, above all vulgar destiny.

The bell which rang out the Declaration of Independence has found at last a voice articulate, to "proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." It has been heard across oceans, and has modified the sentiments of cabinets and kings. The people of the Old World have heard it, and their hearts stop to catch the last whisper of its echoes. The poor slave has heard it, and with bounding joy, tempered by the mystery of religion, he worships and adores. The waiting continent has heard it, and already foresees the fulfilled prophecy, when she will sit "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible Genius of Universal Emancipation."

THE CLOSING YEAR.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'TIS midnight's holy hour,—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling —'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,

With melancholy light, the moon-beams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with its aged locks,—and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the Earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard's voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
And bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms, that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
Has gone, and with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,—
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man,—and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous,—and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er
The battle-plain where sword, and spear, and shield,
Flashed in the light of mid-day,—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet ere it melted in the viewless air
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on,
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag,—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions.

Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow,—cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water,—fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns,—mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain,—new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations,—and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter a while in their eternal depths,

And, like the Pleiads, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void,—Yet, Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path
To sit and muse, like other conquerors
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

BURIAL OF LITTLE NELL.

CHARLES DICKENS.

When morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead at first.

She had spoken very often of the two sisters, who, she said, were like dear friends to her. She wished they could

be told how much she thought about them, and how she had watched them as they walked together by the river side at night. She would like to see poor Kit, she had often said of late. She wished there was somebody to take her love to Kit. And even then, she never thought or spoke about him but with something of her old, clear, merry laugh.

For the rest, she had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. It was he who had come to the window over night and spoken to the sexton, and they saw in the snow traces of small feet, where he had been lingering near the room in which she lay before he went to bed. He had a fancy, it seemed, that they had left her there alone; and could not bear the thought.

He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his younger brother all day long, when *he* was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and indeed he kept his word, and was in his childish way a lesson to them all.

Up to that time the old man had not spoken once—except to her—or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then pointing to the bed he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on, which must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes forever,

he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him.

They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed. It was Sunday—a bright clear, wintry afternoon—and as they traversed the village street, those who were walking in their path drew back to make way for them, and gave them a softened greeting. Some shook the old man kindly by the hand, some stood uncovered while he tottered by, and many cried "God help him!" as he passed along.

"Neighbor!" said the old man, stopping at the cottage where his young guide's mother dwelt, "how is it that the folks are nearly all in black to-day? I have seen a mourning ribbon or a piece of crape on almost every one."

She could not tell, the woman said.

"Why, you yourself—you wear the color too!" he cried. "Windows are closed that never used to be by day. What does this mean?"

Again the woman said she could not tell.

"We must go back," said the old man, hurriedly. "We must see what this is."

"No, no," cried the child, detaining him. "Remember what you promised. Our way is to the old green lane, where she and I so often were, and where you found us more than once making those garlands for her garden. Do not turn back!"

"Where is she now?" said the old man. "Tell me that."

"Do you not know?" returned the child. "Did we not leave her but just now?"

"True. True. It *was* her we left—was it!"

He pressed his hand upon his brow, looked vacantly round, and as if impelled by a sudden thought, crossed the road, and entered the sexton's house. He and his deaf assistant were sitting before the fire. Both rose up, on seeing who it was.

The child made a hasty sign to them with his hand. It was the action of an instant, but that, and the old man's look, were quite enough.

"Do you—do you bury any one to-day?" he said eagerly.

"No, no! Who should we bury, sir?" returned the sexton.

"Ay, who indeed! I say with you, who indeed?"

"It is a holiday with us, good sir," returned the sexton mildly. "We have no work to do to-day."

"Why then, I'll go where you will," said the old man, turning to the child. "You're sure of what you tell me? You would not deceive me? I am changed even in the little time since you last saw me."

"Go thy ways with him, sir," cried the sexton, "and Heaven be with ye both!"

"I am quite ready," said the old man, meekly. "Come, boy, come"—and so submitted to be led away.

And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave. What was the death it would shut in, to that which still could crawl and creep above it!

Along the crowded path they bore her now; pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it; whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window, where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang

sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light, would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not a few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the pavement stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told, how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she, should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet; and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick old wall. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels: and when they called to mind how she had looked, and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed. Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

They saw the vault covered and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurance of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths

will teach, but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn, and is a mighty universal Truth. When Death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world, and bless it with their light. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven.

THE PICKET-GUARD.

ANONYMOUS.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing: a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost,—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming:
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard,—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And he thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,

As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,—
For their mother,—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips,—when low, murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken,
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,—
The foot-step is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle: "Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,—
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,—
The picket's off duty forever.

THE POOR MAN AND THE FIEND.

REV. MR. MACLELLAN.

A Fiend once met a humble man
At night, in the cold dark street,
And led him into a palace fair,
Where music circled sweet;
And light and warmth cheered the wanderer's heart,
From frost and darkness screened,
Till his brain grew mad beneath the joy,
And he worshipped before the Fiend.

Ah! well if he ne'er had knelt to that Fiend,
For a task-master grim was he;
And he said, "One-half of thy life on earth
I enjoin thee to yield to me;
And when, from rising till set of sun,
Thou hast toiled in the heat or snow,
Let thy gains on mine altar an offering be;"
And the poor man ne'er said "No!"

The poor man had health, more dear than gold;
Stout bone and muscle strong,
That neither faint nor weary grew,
To toil the June day long;
And the Fiend, his god, cried hoarse and loud,
"Thy strength thou must forego,
Or thou no worshipper art of mine;"
And the poor man ne'er said "No!"

Three children blest the poor man's home—
Stray angels dropped on earth—
The Fiend beheld their sweet blue eyes,
And he laughed in fearful mirth:
"Bring forth thy little ones," quoth he,
"My godhead wills it so!
I want an evening sacrifice;"
And the poor man ne'er said "No!"

A young wife sat by the poor man's fire,
Who, since she blushed a bride,
Had gilded his sorrow, and brightened his joys
His guardian, friend, and guide.
Foul fall the Fiend! he gave command.
"Come, mix the cup of woe,
Bid thy young wife drain it to the dregs;"
And the poor man ne'er said "No!"

Oh! misery now for this poor man!
Oh! deepest of misery!
Next the Fiend his godlike Reason took,
And amongst beasts fed he;

And when the sentinel Mind was gone,
He pilfered his Soul also;
And—marvel of marvels!—he murmured not;
The poor man ne'er said "No!"

Now, men and matrons in your prime,
Children and grandsires old,
Come listen, with soul as well as ear,
This saying whilst I unfold;
Oh, listen! till your brain whirls round,
And your heart is sick to think,
That in England's isle all this befell,
And the name of the Fiend was—DRINK!

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LAY down the axe, fling by the spade:
Leave in its track the toiling plough;
The rifle and the bayonet-blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stream blots the green.
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all its course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts—see
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,

Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own grey cliffs that mock
The whirlwind; stand in her defence:
The blast as soon shall move the rock,
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depths of her green land
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods uptorn.

And ye who throng beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring marge of sand,
Come, like that deep, when o'er his brim
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim
A helpless wreck against his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords of old
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.

Strike for that broad and goodly land
  Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
  And glorious must their triumph be.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

FATHER RYAN

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary,
  Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood that heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it—
  Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take that banner down, 'tis tattered,
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
  Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
  Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner, furl it sadly—
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly;
And ten thousand wildly, madly,
  Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever
Till that flag should float forever
  O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
  Cold and dead are lying low;
And the banner it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
  Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those that fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
And, oh, wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner, true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And will live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brighter pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding through the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.
Furl that banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently, it is holy,
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not, unfurl it never,
Let it droop there furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead.

THE HIGH TIDE; OR, THE BRIDES OF ENDERBY.

JEAN INGELOW.

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers rang by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe, 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flight of mews and pewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies,
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
Faintly came her milking song—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,
When I begin to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharp and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,

Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where there sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kindly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows;
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping downe;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding down with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The old sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."

He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he sayth,
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song.
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine,
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow, seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sat that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"Oh, come in life, or come in death!
Oh, lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear,
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and me;
But each will mourn his own (she sayth),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling

To the sandy, lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe, Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

DEATH OF GAUDENTIS.

HARRIET ANNIE.

The following inscription was found in the Catacombs by Mr. Perret, upon the tomb of the Architect of the Coliseum.

"Thus thou keepest thy promises, O Vespasian! the rewarding with death him, the crown of thy glory in Rome. Do rejoice, O Gaudentis! the cruel tyrant promised much, but Christ gave thee all, who prepared thee such a mansion."—*Professor J. De Launay's Lectures on the Catacombs.*

Before Vespasian's regal throne
Skillful Gaudentis stood;
"Build me," the haughty monarch cried,
"A theatre for blood.
I know thou'rt skilled in mason's work,
Thine is the power to frame
Rome's Coliseum vast and wide,
An honor to thy name.
"Over seven acres spread thy work,
And by the gods of Rome,
Thou shalt hereafter by my side
Have thy resplendent home.
A citizen of Roman rights,
Silver and golden store,
These shall be thine; let Christian blood
But stain the marble floor."

So rose the amphitheatre,
  Tower and arch and tier;
There dawned a day when martyrs stood
  Within that ring of fear.
But strong their quenchless trust in God,
  And strong their human love,
Their eyes of faith, undimmed, were fixed
  On temples far above.

And thousands gazed, in brutal joy,
  To watch the Christians die—
But one beside Vespasian leaned
  With a strange light in his eye.
What thoughts welled up within his breast,
  As on that group he gazed,
What gleams of holy light from Heaven
  Upon his dark soul blazed!

Had he by pass-word gained access
  To the dark catacomb,
And learned the hope of Christ's beloved
  Beyond the rack, the tomb?
The proud Vespasian o'er him bends,
  "My priceless architect,
To-day I will announce to all
  Thy privilege elect—

A free made citizen of Rome."
  Calmly Gaudentis rose,
And folding, o'er his breast, his arms,
  Turned to the Saviour's foes;
And in a strength not all his own,
  With Life and Death in view,
The fearless architect exclaimed,
  "I am a Christian too."

Only a few brief moments passed,
  And brave Gaudentis lay
Within the amphitheatre,
  A lifeless mass of clay.
Vespasian promised him the rights
  Of proud Imperial Rome;
But Christ with martyrs crowned him King,
  Beneath Heaven's cloudless dome.

DON GARZIA.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Among those awful forms, in elder time
Assembled, and through many an after-age
Destined to stand as genii of the Place
Where men most meet in Florence, may be seen
His who first played the tyrant. Clad in mail,
But with his helmet off—in kingly state,
Aloft he sits upon his horse of brass;
And they that read the legend underneath
Go and pronounce him happy. Yet, methinks,
There is a chamber that, if walls could speak,
Would turn their admiration into pity.
Half of what passed died with him; but the rest,
All he discovered when the fit was on,
All that, by those who listened, could be gleaned
From broken sentences and starts in sleep,
Is told, and by an honest chronicler.

Two of his sons, Giovanni and Garzia,
(The eldest had not seen his nineteenth summer),
Went to the chase; but only one returned.
Giovanni, when the huntsman blew his horn
O'er the last stag that started from the brake,
And in the heather turned to stand at bay,
Appeared not, and at close of day was found
Bathed in his innocent blood. Too well, alas!
The trembling Cosmo guessed the deed, the doer;
And, having caused the body to be borne
In secret to that chamber, at an hour
When all slept sound save she who bore them both,
Who little thought of what was yet to come,
And lived but to be told—he bade Garzia
Arise and follow him. Holding in one hand
A winking lamp, and in the other a key,
Massive and dungeon-like, thither he led;
And, having entered in, and locked the door,
The father fixed his eyes upon the son,
And closely questioned him. No change betrayed,

Or guilt, or fear. Then Cosmo lifted up
The bloody sheet. "Look there! look there!" he cried,
"Blood calls for blood—and from a father's hand!
Unless thyself will save him that sad office.
What!" he exclaimed, when, shuddering at the sight,
The boy breathed out, "I stood but on my guard."
"Darest thou then blacken one who never wronged thee,
Who would not set his foot upon a worm?
Yes, thou must die, lest others fall by thee,
And thou shouldst be the slayer of us all."
Then from Garzia's belt he drew the blade,
That fatal one which spilt his brother's blood;
And, kneeling on the ground, "Great God!" he cried,
"Grant me the strength to do an act of justice.
Thou knowest what it costs me; but, alas!
How can I spare myself, sparing none else?
Grant me the strength, the will—and oh! forgive
The sinful soul of a most wretched son.
'Tis a most wretched father who implores it."
Long on Garzia's neck he hung and wept,
Long pressed him to his bosom tenderly;
And then, but while he held him by the arm,
Thrusting him backward, turned away his face,
And stabbed him to the heart.

Well might a youth,
Studious of men, anxious to learn and know,
When in the train of some great embassy
He came, a visitant, to Cosmo's court,
Think on the past; and, as he wandered through
The ample spaces of an ancient house,
Silent, deserted—stop awhile to dwell
Upon two portraits there, drawn on the wall
Together, as of Two in bonds of love,
Those of the unhappy brothers, and conclude,
From the sad looks of him who could have told
The terrible truth. Well might he heave a sigh
For poor humanity, when he beheld
That very Cosmo shaking o'er his fire,

Drowsy, and deaf, and inarticulate,
Wrapped in his night-gown, o'er a sick man's mess,
In the last stage—death-struck and deadly pale,
His wife, another, not his Eleanor,
At once his nurse and his interpreter.

PAST MERIDIAN.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

One night, returning from my twilight walk,
I met the gray mist Death, whose eyeless brow
Was bent on me, and from his hand of chalk
He reached me flowers as from a withered bough;
O Death, what bitter nosegays givest thou!

Death said, "I gather," and pursued his way.
Another stood by me, a shape in stone,
Sword-hacked and iron-stained, with breasts of clay,
And metal veins that sometimes fiery shone:
O Life, how naked and how hard when known!

Life said, "As thou hast carved me, such am I."
Then Memory, like the nightjar on the pine,
And sightless Hope, a woodlark in night sky,
Joined notes of Death and Life till night's decline:
Of Death, of Life, those inwound notes are mine.

POEM READ AT THE FOUNDING OF GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.

COLONEL C. G. HALPINE (MILES O'REILLEY).

As men beneath some pang or grief,
Or sudden joy, will dumbly stand,
Finding no words to give relief,
Clear, passion-warm, complete and brief,
To thoughts with which their souls expand,
So here to-day, those trophies nigh,
No fitting words our lips can reach;
The hills around, the graves, the sky,
The silent poem of the eye,
Surpasses all the art of speech!

To-day a nation meets to build
A nation's trophy to the dead,
Who, living, formed her sword and shield,
The arms she sadly learned to wield,
When other hope of peace had fled;
And not alone for those who be
In honored graves before us blest,
Shall our proud column, broad and high,
Climb upward to the blessing sky,
But be for all a monument.

An emblem of our grief as well
For others, as for these, we raise;
For these beneath our feet who dwell,
And all who in the good cause fell,
On other fields in other frays.
To all the self-same love we bear
Which here for marbled memory strives;
No soldier for a wreath would care,
Which all true comrades might not share,
Brothers in death as in their lives.

On Southern hill-sides, parched and brown,
In tangled swamps, on verdant ridge,
Where pines and broadening oaks look down,
And jasmine weaves its yellow crown,
And trumpet creepers clothe the hedge,
Along the shores of endless sand,
Beneath the palms of Southern plains,
Sleep everywhere, hand locked in hand,
The brothers of the gallant band
Who here poured life though throbbing veins.

Around the closing eyes of all,
The same red glories glared and flew;
The hurrying flags, the bugle call,
The whistle of the angry ball,
The elbow-touch of comrade true,
The skirmish fire, a spattering spray,

The long sharp growl of fire by file,
The thick'ning fury of the fray
When opening batteries get in play,
And the lines form o'er many a mile.

The foeman's yell, our answering cheer,
Red flashes though the gathering smoke,
Swift orders, resonant and clear,
Blithe cries from comrades, tried and dear,
The shell-scream and the sabre stroke,
The volley fire, from left to right,
From right to left, we hear it swell,
The headlong charges, swift and bright,
The thickening tumult of the fight,
And bursting thunders of the shell.

Now closer, denser, grows the strife,
And here we yield, and there we gain;
The air with hurtling missiles rife,
Volley for volley, life for life;
No time to heed the cries of pain.
Panting, as up the hills we charge,
Or down them as we broken roll,
Life never felt so high, so large,
And never o'er so wide a range
In triumph swept the kindling soul.

New raptures waken in the breast,
Amid this hell of scene and sound,
The barking batteries never rest,
And broken foot, by horsemen pressed,
Still stubbornly contest their ground;
Fresh waves of battle rolling in,
To take the place of shattered waves;
Torn lines that grow more bent and thin,
A blinding cloud, a maddening din,
'Twas then we filled these very graves.

* * * * * * * *

Night falls at length with pitying veil,

A moonlit silence, deep and fresh.
These upturned faces, stained and pale,
Vainly the chill night dews assail;
Far colder than the dews their flesh.
And flickering far, through brush and wood,
Go searching parties, torch in hand.
Seize if you can some rest and food,
At dawn the fight will be renewed,
"Sleep on arms!" the hushed command.

They talk in whispers as they lie
In line, these rough and weary men.
"Dead or but wounded?" then a sigh;
"No coffin either?" 'Guess we'll try
To get those two guns back again."
"We've five flags to their one, oho!"
"That bridge! 'Twas not there as we passed;"
"The Colonel dead? It can't be so.
Wounded, badly, that I know,
But he kept saddle to the last."

"Be sure to send it if I fall;"
"Any tobacco? Bill, have you?"
"A brown-hair'd, blue-eyed, laughing doll;"
"Good-night, boys, and God keep you all."
"What, sound asleep? Guess I'll sleep too."
"Aye, just about this hour they pray
For dad." "Stop talking, pass the word;"
And soon as quiet as the clay
Which thousands will but be next day,
The long-drawn sighs of sleep are heard.

* * * * * * * *

Oh! men, to whom this sketch, though rude,
Calls back some scene of pain and pride;
Oh! widow, hugging close your brood,
Oh! wife, with happiness renewed,
Since he again is at your side;

This trophy that to-day we raise
Should be a monument for all,
And on its side no niggard phrase
Confine a generous nation's praise
To those who here have chanced to fall.

But let us all to-day combine
Still other monuments to rise;
Here for the dead we build a shrine,
And now to those who crippled pine
Let us give hope of happier days.
Let homes of those sad wrecks of war
Through all the land with speed arise;
They cry from every gaping scar,
"Let not our brother's tomb debar
The wounded living from your eyes."

A noble day, a deed as good,
A noble scene in which 'tis done,
The birth-day of our nationhood,
And here again the nation stood,
On this same day its life renown.
A bloom of banners in the air,
A double calm of sky and soul,
Triumphal chant and bugle blare,
And green fields spreading bright and fair,
As heavenward our hosannas roll.

Hosannas for a land redeemed,
The bayonet sheathed, the cannon dumb;
Passed as some horror we have dreamed,
The fiery meteors that here streamed,
Threat'ning within our homes to come.
Again our banner floats abroad,
Gone the one stain that on it fell;
And bettered by his chast'ning rod,
With streaming eyes uplift to God,
We say, "He doeth all things well."

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

KELLOGG.

It had been a day of triumph at Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown, even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterers had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drops on the corslet of the Roman sentinel and tipped the dark waters of Vulturnus with a wavy, tremulous light.

No sound was heard save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre, a band of gladiators assembled; their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows; when Spartacus, starting forth from amid the throng, thus addressed them:—"Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syracella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when at noon I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led

our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why; and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me, trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed a man in the arena; and when I broke his helmet clasps, behold it was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died; the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave, and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call vestals, and the rabble shouted in derision; deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at the sight of that piece of bleeding clay!

And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said:—Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans! And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. Oh, Rome, Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me; ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to

drive the sword through plated mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze, thy life blood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are. The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours, and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are *beasts* then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men* follow me! Strike down your guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? Oh, comrades! warriors, Thracians! If we must fight, let us fight for *ourselves!* If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors!* If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!"

SOLILOQUY OF THE DYING ALCHEMIST.

WILLIS.

The night wind with a desolate moan swept by;
And the old shutters of the turret swung,
Creaking upon their hinges; and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.

The fire beneath his crucible was low ;
Yet still it burned ; and ever as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
With difficult energy ; and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its socket, he shrunk back
Upon his pallet, and with unclosed lips
Muttered a curse on death !

The silent room,
From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
His rattling breath ; the humming in the fire
Had the distinctness of a knell ; and when
Duly the antique horologe beat one,
He drew a vial from beneath his head,
And drank. And instantly his lips compressed,
And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
Upright, and communed with himself :—

I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do :
I thought to pierce the eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye ;
I felt, O God ! It seemeth even now
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow

And yet it is,—I feel,
Of this dull sickness at my heart, afraid ;
And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade :
And something seems to steal
Over my bosom like a frozen hand,
Binding its pulses with an icy band.

And this is death ! But why
Feel I this wild recoil ? It cannot be

The immortal spirit shuddereth to be free:
Would it not leap to fly
Like a chained eaglet at its parents call?
I fear—I fear—that this poor life is all!

Yet thus to pass away!—
To live but for a hope that mocks at last,—
To agonize, to strive, to watch, to fast,
To waste the light of day,
Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,
All we have or are—for this—for naught.

Grant me another year,
God of my spirit!—but a day,—to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within!
I would *know* something here!
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken!
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken!

Vain—vain!—my brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
And I am freezing—burning—
Dying! O God! if I might only live!
My vial——Ha! it thrills me!—I revive.

O, but for time to track
The upper stars into the pathless sky,—
To see the invisible spirits, eye to eye,—
To hurl the lightning back,—
To tread unhurt the sea's dim-lighted halls,—
To chase day's chariot to the horizon-walls,—

And more, much more,—for now
The life-sealed fountains of my nature move
To nurse and purify this human love;
To clear the godlike brow

Of weakness and mistrust, and bow it down,
Worthy and beautiful, to the much-loved one.

This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slacken at the living stream,—
To live—O God! that life is but a dream!
And death——Aha! I reel—
Dim—dim—I faint—darkness comes o'er my eye!
Cover me! save me!——God of heaven! I die!

'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone.
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashly pale, the expression wore
Of his death-struggle. His long silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples thin and wild,
His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.

The fire beneath the crucible was out;
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them, and the small rod,
Familiar to his touch for three score years,
Lay on the alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire,—a sun-bent eagle stricken
From his high soaring down,—an instrument
Broken with its own compass. O, how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath outflown
His strength upon the sea, ambition wrecked,—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest.

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

ANON.

"The snow is deep," the Justice said;
"There's mighty mischief overhead."
"High talk, indeed!" his wife exclaimed:
"What, sir! shall Providence be blamed?"
The Justice, laughing, said, "Oh, no!
I only meant the loads of snow
Upon the roofs. The barn is weak;
I greatly fear the roof will break.
So hand me up the spade, my dear—
I'll mount the barn, the roof to clear."
"No!" said the wife; "the barn is high,
And if you slip, and fall, and die,
How will my living be secured?—
Stephen, your life is not insured.
But tie a rope your waist around,
And it will hold you safe and sound."
"I will," said he. "Now for the roof—
All snugly tied and danger-proof!
Excelsior! Excel— But no!
The rope is not secured below!"
Said Rachel, "Climb, the end to throw
Across the top, and I will go
And tie that end around my waist."
"Well, every woman to her taste;
You always would be tightly laced.
Rachel, when you became my bride,
I thought the knot securely tied;
But lest the bond should break in twain,
I'll have it fastened once again."

Below the arm-pits tied around,
She takes her station on the ground,
While on the roof, beyond the ridge,
He shovels clear the lower edge.

But, sad mischance! the loosened snow
Comes sliding down, to plunge below.
And as he tumbles with the slide,
Up Rachel goes on t'other side.
Just half way down the Justice hung;
Just half way up the woman swung.
"Good land o' Goshen!" shouted she;
"Why, do you see it?" answered he.

The couple, dangling in the breeze,
Like turkeys hung outside to freeze,
At their rope's end and wit's end, too,
Shout back and forth what best to do.
Cried Stephen, "Take it coolly, wife;
All have their ups and downs in life."
Quoth Rachel, "What a pity 'tis
To joke at such a time as this!
A man whose wife is being hung
Should know enough to hold his tongue."
"Now, Rachel, as I look below,
I see a tempting heap of snow.
Suppose, my dear, I take my knife,
And cut the rope to save my life?"
She shouted, "Don't! 'twould be my death—
I see some pointed stones beneath.
A better way would be to call,
With all our might, for Phebe Hall."
"Agreed!" he roared. First he, then she
Gave tongue: "O Phebe! Phebe! *Phe-e-be* Hall!" in tones both fine and coarse,
Enough to make a drover hoarse.

Now Phebe, over at the farm,
Was sitting, sewing, snug and warm;
But hearing, as she thought, her name,
Sprang up, and to the rescue came,
Beheld the scene, and thus she thought:
"If now a kitchen chair were brought,
And I could reach the lady's foot,
I'd draw her downward by the boot,

Then cut the rope, and let him go;
He cannot miss the pile of snow."
He sees her moving towards his wife,
Armed with a chair and carving-knife,
And, ere he is aware, perceives
His head ascending to the eaves;
And, guessing what the two are at,
Screams from beneath the roof, "Stop that!
You make me fall too far by half!"
But Phebe answers, with a laugh,
"Please tell a body by what right
You've brought your wife to such a plight!"
And then, with well-directed blows,
She cuts the rope and down he goes.

The wife untied, they walk around,
When lo! no Stephen can be found.
They call in vain, run to and fro;
They look around, above, below;
No trace or token can they see,
And deeper grows the mystery.
Then Rachel's heart within her sank;
But, glancing at the snowy bank,
She caught a little gleam of hope—
A gentle movement of the rope.
They scrape away a little snow:
What's this? A hat! Ah! he's below.
Then upward heaves the snowy pile,
And forth he stalks in tragic style,
Unhurt, and with a roguish smile;
And Rachel sees, with glad surprise,
The missing found, the fallen rise.

UNJUST NATIONAL ACQUISITION.

THOMAS CORWIN.

Mr. President, the uneasy desire to augment our territory has depraved the moral sense and blighted the otherwise keen sagacity of our people. Sad, very sad, are the

lessons which Time has written for us. Through and in them all I see nothing but the inflexible execution of that old law which ordains, as eternal, the cardinal rule, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods, nor anything which is his." Since I have lately heard so much about the dismemberment of Mexico, I have looked back to see how, in the course of events, which some call "Providence," it has fared with other nations who engaged in this work of dismemberment.

I see that in the latter half of the eighteenth century, three powerful nations, Russia, Austria and Prussia, united in the dismemberment of Poland. They said, too, as you say, "It is our destiny." They "wanted room." Doubtless each of these thought, with his share of Poland, his power was too strong ever to fear invasion, or even insult. One had his California, another his New Mexico, and the third his Vera Cruz.

Did they remain untouched and incapable of harm? Alas! no—far, very far from it. Retributive justice must fulfil its destiny too. A very few years pass off, and we hear of a new man, a Corsican lieutenant, the self-named "armed soldier of Democracy," Napoleon. He ravages Austria, covers her land with blood, drives the Northern Cæsar from his capital, and sleeps in his palace. Austria may now remember how her power trampled upon Poland. Did she not pay dear, very dear for her California?

But has Prussia no atonement to make? You see this same Napoleon, the blind instrument of Providence, at work there. The thunders of his cannon at Jena proclaim the work of retribution for Poland's wrongs; and the successors of the Great Frederick, the drill-sergeant of Europe, are seen flying across the sandy plains that surround their capital, right glad if they may escape captivity and death.

But how fares it with the Autocrat of Russia? Is he secure in his share of the spoils of Poland? No. Suddenly we see, sir, six hundred thousand armed men marching to Moscow. Does his Vera Cruz protect him now? Far from

it. Blood, slaughter, desolation, spread abroad over the land; and, finally, the conflagration of the old commercial metropolis of Russia closes the retribution; she must pay for her share in the dismemberment of her impotent neighbor.

Mr. President, a mind more prone to look for the judgments of Heaven in the doings of men than mine cannot fail, in all unjust acquisitions of territory, to see the Providence of God. When Moscow burned, it seemed as if the earth was lighted up, that the nations might behold the scene. As that mighty sea of fire gathered and heaved and rolled upward, and yet higher, till its flames licked the stars, and fired the whole heavens, it did seem as though the God of the nations was writing, in characters of flames, on the front of His throne, that doom that shall fall upon the strong nation which tramples in scorn upon the weak.

And what fortune awaits him, the appointed executor of this work, when it was all done? He, too, conceived the notion that his destiny pointed onward to universal dominion. France was too small,—Europe he thought should bow down before him. But as soon as this idea takes possession of his soul, he too becomes powerless. His terminus must recede too. Right there, while he witnessed the humiliation, and, doubtless, meditated the subjugation of Russia, He who holds the winds in His fist, gathered the snows of the North, and blew them upon his six hundred thousand men. They fled—they froze—they perished.

And now the mighty Napoleon, who had resolved on universal dominion, he too, is summoned to answer for the violation of that ancient law, "Thou shalt not covet anything which is thy neighbor's." How is the mighty fallen! He, beneath whose proud footstep Europe trembled, he is now an exile at Elba, and now, finally, a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena—and there on a barren island, in an unfrequented sea, in the crater of an extinguished volcano, there is the death-bed of the mighty conqueror. All his annexations have come to that! His last hour is now at hand; and he,

the man of destiny, he who had rocked the world as with the throes of an earthquake, is now powerless, still—even as the beggar, so he died.

On the wings of a tempest that raged with unwonted fury, up to the throne of the only Power that controlled him while he lived, went to the fiery soul of that wonderful warrior, another witness to the existence of that eternal decree, that they who do not rule in righteousness shall perish from the earth. He has found "room" at last. And France, she too has found "room." Her "eagles" now no longer scream along the banks of the Danube, the Po, and the Borysthenes. They have returned home to their old aërie, between the Alps, the Rhine, and the Pyrenees.

So shall it be with yours. You may carry them to the loftiest peaks of the Cordilleras; they may wave, with insolent triumph, in the halls of the Montezumas; the armed men of Mexico may quail before them; but the weakest hand in Mexico, uplifted in prayer to the God of Justice, may call down against you a Power in the presence of which the iron hearts of your warriors shall be turned into ashes!

DIMES AND DOLLARS.

HENRY MILLS.

"Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"
Thus an old miser rang the chimes,
As he sat by the side of an open box,
With ironed angles and massive locks:
And he heaped the glittering coin on high,
And cried in delirious ecstacy—
"Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
Ye are the ladders by which man climbs
Over his fellows. Musical chimes!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"

A sound on the gong, and the miser rose,
And his laden coffer did quickly close,

And locked secure. "These are the times
For a man to look after his dollars and dimes.
A letter! ha! from my prodigal son.
The old tale—poverty—pshaw, begone!
Why did he marry when I forbade?
As he has sown so he must reap;
But I my dollars secure will keep.
A sickly wife and starving times?
He should have wed with dollars and dimes."

Thickly the hour of midnight fell;
Doors and windows were bolted well.
"Ha!" cried the miser, "not so bad:—
A thousand guineas to-day I've made.
Money makes money; these are the times
To double and treble the dollars and dimes.
Now to sleep, and to-morrow to plan;—
Rest is sweet to a wearied man."
And he fell to sleep with the midnight chimes,
Dreaming of glittering dollars and dimes.

The sun rose high, and its beaming ray
Into the miser's room found way.
It moved from the foot till it lit the head
Of the miser's low uncurtained bed;
And it seemed to say to him, "Sluggard, awake;
Thou hast a thousand dollars to make.
Up man, up!" How still was the place,
As the bright ray fell on the miser's face!
Ha! the old miser at last is dead!
Dreaming of gold, his spirit fled,
And he left behind but an earthly clod,
Akin to the dross that he made his god.

What now avails the chinking chimes
Of dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
Men of the times! men of the times!
Content may not rest with dollars and dimes.
Use them well, and their use sublimes
The mineral dross of the dollars and dimes.

Use them ill, and a thousand crimes
Spring from a coffer of dollars and dimes.
Men of the times! men of the times!
Let charity dwell with your dollars and dimes.

THE DEAD DRUMMER-BOY.

HARPERS' WEEKLY.

'Midst tangled roots that lined the wild ravine,
Where the fierce fight raged hottest through the day,
And where the dead in scattered heaps were seen,
Amid the darkling forests' shade and sheen,
Speechless in death he lay.

The setting sun, which glanced athwart the place
In slanting lines, like amber-tinted rain,
Fell sidewise on the drummer's upturned face,
Where Death had left his gory finger's trace
In one bright crimson stain.

The silken fringes of his once bright eye
Lay like a shadow on his cheek so fair;
His lips were parted by a long-drawn sigh,
That with his soul had mounted to the sky
On some wild martial air.

No more his hand the fierce tattoo shall beat,
The shrill reveillé, or the long-roll's call,
Or sound the charge, when in the smoke and heat
Of fiery onset foe with foe shall meet,
And gallant men shall fall.

Yet maybe in some happy home, that one—
A mother—reading from the list of dead,
Shall chance to view the name of her dear son,
And move her lips to say, "God's will be done!"
And bow in grief her head.

But more than this what tongue shall tell his story?
Perhaps his boyish longings were for fame?
He lived, he died; and so, *memento mori*—
Enough if on the page of War and Glory
Some hand has writ his name.

HOME.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow path of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot? look around;

Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamschatka's plains,
In pale Siberia's desolate domains;
Where the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,
The reindeer's spoil, the ermine's treasures shares,
And feasts his famine on the fat of bears:
Or wrestling with the might of raging seas,
Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,
Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
Plunging down headlong through the whirling main;
His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye
Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky;
And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
His cavern shelter, and his cottage-home.
O'er China's garden-fields, and peopled floods;
In California's pathless world of woods;
Round Andes' heights, where winter, from his throne,
Looks down in scorn upon the summer gone;
By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where spring with everlasting verdure smiles;
On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health;
In Java's swamp of pestilence and wealth;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink;
'Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink;
On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's reverend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanish like a dream;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains, and dishonored vales;
Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
Around the beauteous isle of liberty;
—Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;

His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

RESPONSIBILITY OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

JOSEPH STORY.

[The following extract is taken from an Oration delivered by Judge Story Sept. 18, 1828, on the occasion of the commemoration of the first settlement of Salem, Massachusetts.]

We stand the latest, and, if we fail, probable the last, experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the old world. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning—simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe.

Within our territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary, than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

Can it be that America, under such circumstances can betray herself? that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics the inscription upon whose ruins is, "They were, but they are not?" Forbid it, my countrymen! forbid it, Heaven!

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors,

by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are and all you hope to be,—resist every project of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman—the love of your offspring; teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are, whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defence of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave with the recollection that you have lived in vain! May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves!

The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theatre of life. May God speed them and theirs! May he who, at the distance of another century, shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people! May he have reason to exult as we do! May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth, as well as of poetry, exclaim that here is still his country.

> "Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
> Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
> Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms."

THE JESTER'S SERMON.

WALTER THORNBURY

The jester shook his hood and bells, and leaped upon a chair;
The pages laughed; the women screamed, and tossed their scented hair;
The falcon whistled; stag-hounds bayed; the lap-dog barked without;
The scullion dropped the pitcher brown; the cook railed at the lout;
The steward, counting out his gold, let pouch and money fall—
And why? Because the jester rose to say grace in the hall.

The page played with the heron's plume, the steward with his chain;
The butler drummed upon the board, and laughed with might and main;
The grooms beat on their metal cans, and roared till they were red,
But still the jester shut his eyes, and rolled his witty head,
And when they grew a little still, read half a yard of text,
And, waving hand, struck on the desk, and frowned like one perplexed.

"Dear sinners all," the fool began, "man's life is but a jest,
A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapor at the best.
In a thousand pounds of law, I find not a single ounce of love.
A blind man killed the parson's cow in shooting at the dove.
The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he is well.
The wooer who can flatter most will bear away the belle.

Let no man halloo he is safe, till he is through the wood.
He who will not when he may must tarry when he should.
He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very straight.
Oh, he who once has won a name may lie abed till eight.
Make haste to purchase house and land: be very slow to wed.
True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be daubed with red.

The friar, preaching, cursed the thief, (the pudding in his sleeve.)
To fish for sprats with golden hooks is foolish—by your leave.
To travel well—an ass's ears, hog's mouth, and ostrich legs.
He does not care a pin for thieves, who limps about and begs.

Be always first man at a feast, and last man at a fray.
The short way round, in spite of all, is still the longest way.
When the hungry curate licks the knife, there's not much for the clerk.

When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up—the storm grows dark."

Then loud they laughed; the fat cook's tears ran down into the pan;
The steward shook, that he was forced to drop the brimming can;
And then again the women screamed, and every stag-hound bayed—
And why? Because the motley fool so wise a sermon made.

LEFT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

WHAT, was it a dream? am I all alone
In the dreary night and the drizzling rain?
Hist!—ah, it was only the river's moan;
They have left me behind, with the mangled slain.

Yes, now I remember it all too well!
We met, from the battling ranks apart;
Together our weapons flashed and fell,
And mine was sheathed in his quivering heart.

In the cypress gloom, where the deed was done,
It was all too dark to see his face;
But I heard his death-groans, one by one,
And he holds me still in a cold embrace.

He spoke but once, and I could not hear
The words he said, for the cannon's roar;
But my heart grew cold with a deadly fear,—
O God! I had heard that voice before!

Had heard it before at our mother's knee,
When we lisped the words of our evening prayer!
My brother! would I had died for thee,—
This burden is more than my soul can bear!

I pressed my lips to his death-cold cheek,
And begged him to show me, by word or sign,
That he knew and forgave me: he could not speak,
But he nestled his poor cold face to mine.

The blood flowed fast from my wounded side,
And then for awhile I forgot my pain,
And over the lakelet we seemed to glide
In our little boat, two boys again.

And then, in my dream, me stood alone
On a forest path where the shadows fell;
And I heard again the tremulous tone,
And the tender words of his last farewell.

But that parting was years, long years ago,
He wandered away to a foreign land;
And our dear old mother will never know
That he died to-night by his brother's hand.

* * * * * *

The soldiers who buried the dead away,
Disturbed not the clasp of that last embrace,
But laid them to sleep till the Judgment-day,
Heart folded to heart, and face to face.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

When Freedom, from her mountain height
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She call'd her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,

Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

ANONYMOUS.

[The following poem was a particular favorite with Mr. Lincoln, and which he was accustomed occasionally to repeat. Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist, writes that while engaged in painting his picture at the White House, he was alone one evening with the President in his room, when he said: "There is a poem which has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown to me when a young man by a friend, and which I afterwards saw and cut from a newspaper and learned by heart. I would," he continued, "give a great deal to know who wrote it, but have never been able to ascertain." He then repeated the poem, and on a subsequent occasion Mr. Carpenter wrote it down from Mr. Lincoln's own lips. The poem was published more than thirty years ago, was then stated to be of Jewish origin and composition, and we think was credited to "Songs of Israel."]

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willows shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen—
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink,
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died: and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath;
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

PARRHASIUS.

WILLIS.

Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon the canvas. There Prometheus lay,
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus,
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows forth
With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
Were like the winged god's breathing from his flights.

"Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skillful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift:
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens—around me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

Ha! bind him on his back!
Look! as Prometheus in my picture here—
Quick—or he faints!—stand with the cordial near!
Now—bend him to the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

So—let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! could I but paint a dying groan!

Pity thee! so I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
But does the robed priest for his pity falter?
I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine—
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

Ah! there's a deathless name!—
A spirit that the smothering vaults shall spurn,
And, like a steadfast planet, mount and burn—
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone—
By all the fiery stars! I'd bind it on!

"Ay! though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst—

Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first—
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearnings in my heart for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild—

"All—I would do it all—
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot
Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot.
Oh heavens—but I appall
Your heart, old man!—forgive—ha! on your lives
Let him not faint! rack him till he revives!

"Vain—vain—give o'er. His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow!
Gods! if he do not die,
But for one moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

"Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another? Wilt thou never come, oh, Death!
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so—he's dead."

How like a mountain devil in the heart
Rules the inreined ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace forever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the desert for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendor and forget
The thirst of which we perish!

THE VAGABONDS.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

We are two travellers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog :—come here, you scamp !
Jump for the gentlemen,—mind your eye !
Over the table,—look out for the lamp !—
The rogue is growing a little old ;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you !
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow !
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
(This out-door business is bad for the strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings !

No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink ;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral—
Aren't we, Roger ?—see him wink !—
Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head ?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk !
He understands every word that's said,—
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir !) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin ;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
  Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
  To such a miserable thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
  By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
  That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if your're willing,
  And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
  Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
  (Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
  To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
  When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
  To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
  The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!
  Some brandy,—thank you,—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
  But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
  And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
  And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
  To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
  At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,

A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink ;—
The same old story ; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features.—
You needn't laugh, sir ; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures :
I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast !
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog !

She's married since,—a parson's wife :
'Twas better for her that we should part,—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her ? Once : I was weak and spent
On the dusty road, a carriage stopped :
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped !

You've set me talking, sir ; I'm sorry ;
It makes me wild to think of the change !
What do you care for a beggar's story ?
Is it amusing ? you find it strange ?
I had a mother so proud of me !
'Twas well she died before——Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain ; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing, in place of a heart ?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were,—

A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming.
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—
The sooner, the better for Roger and me!

A BRIDAL WINE-CUP.

ANONYMOUS.

"PLEDGE with wine—pledge with wine," cried the young and thoughtless Harry Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come, she pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge, in a low tone, going towards his daughter; "the company expect it, do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own house act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she

gratefully accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh! how terrible!" "What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly, pointing one jewelled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen; I will paint it for you if I can: It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brow; and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly; his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say kneels, for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins. Oh! the high, holy looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat; "see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently, and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by

what seemed a smothered sob, from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct: she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister, death is there. Death! and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and sooth him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave; and, there without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child, in God's name, no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on

which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying:—"Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand; who watched over my brothers dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river, in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad sweet smile was her answer.

The Judge left the room, and when an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely rooms.

Those who were present at that wedding, can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour forswore the social glass.

BLANCHE OF DEVAN'S LAST WORDS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"STRANGER, it is in vain!" she cried,
"This hour of death has given me more
Of Reason's power, than years before;
For, as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away,
A helpless, injured wretch I die,
And something tells me in thine eye,
That thou wert my avenger born.
Seest thou this tress? O! still I've worn
This little tress of yellow hair,
Through danger, frenzy and despair!
It once was bright and clear as thine,
But blood and tears have dimmed its shine.

I will not tell thee when 'twas shed,
Nor from what guiltless victim's head
My brain would turn! but it shall wave
Like plumage on thy hemlet brave,
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,
And thou wilt bring it me again.—
I waver still! O God! more bright
Let Reason beam her parting light!
O! by thy knighthood's honored sign,
And by thy life preserved by mine,
When thou shalt see a darksome man,
Who boast's him chief of Alpine's clan,
With tartans broad, and shadowy plume,
And hand of blood and brow of gloom,
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong!
They watch for thee by pass and fell—
Avoid the path—O God! farewell."

WIDOW BEDOTT TO ELDER SNIFFLES.

O, REVEREND sir, I do declare
It drives me most to frenzy,
To think of you a lying there
Down sick with influenza.

A body'd thought, it was enough,
To mourn your wive's departer,
Without sich trouble as this ere
To come a follerin' arter.

But sickness and affliction
Are the trials sent by a wise creation,
And always ought to be underwent
By fortitude and resignation.

O, I could to your bed-side fly
And wipe your weeping eyes;

And do my best to cure you up
If 'twouldn't create surprise.

It's a world of trouble we tarry in,
But, Elder, don't despair;
That you may soon be movin' again
Is constantly my prayer.

Both sick and well, you may depend
You'll never be forgot
By your faithful and affectionate friend,
PRICILLA POOL BEDOTT.

A PSALM OF THE UNION.

HARPERS' MONTHLY, *December*, 1861.

GOD of the Free! upon thy breath
Our flag is for the Right unrolled;
Still broad and brave as when its stars
First crowned the hallowed time of old:
For Honor still its folds shall fly,
For Duty still their glories burn,
Where Truth, Religion, Freedom guard
The patriot's sword and martyr's urn.
Then shout beside thine oak, O North!
O South! wave answer with thy palm;
And in our Union's heritage
Together lift the Nation's psalm!

How glorious is our mission here!
Heirs of a virgin world are we;
The chartered lords whose lightnings tame
The rocky mount and roaring sea:
We march, and Nature's giants own
The fetters of our mighty cars;
We look, and lo! a continent
Is crouched beneath the Stripes and Stars!
Then shout beside thine oak, O North!
O South! wave answer with thy palm;

And in our Union's heritage
Together lift the Nation's psalm;

No tyrant's impious step is ours;
No lust of power on nations rolled:
Our Flag—for friends a starry sky,
For foes a tempest every fold!
Oh! thus we'll keep our nation's life,
Nor fear the bolt by despots hurled:
The blood of all the world is here,
And they who strike us, strike the world.
Then shout beside thine oak, O North!
O South! wave answer with thy palm:
And in our Union's heritage
Together lift the Nation's psalm!

God of the Free! our Nation bless
In its strong manhood as its birth;
And make its life a Star of Hope
For all the struggling of the Earth:
Thou gav'st the glorious Past to us;
Oh! let our Present burn as bright,
And o'er the mighty Future cast
Truth's, Honor's, Freedom's holy light!
Then shout beside thine oak, O North!
O South! wave answer with thy palm;
And in our Union's heritage
Together lift the Nation's psalm!

CHARGE OF A DUTCH MAGISTRATE.

De man he killed vasn't killed at all, as vas broved; he is in ter chail, at Morristown, for sheep stealing. Put dat ish no matter; te law says vare ter is a doubt you give him to der brisoner; put here ish no doubt, so, you see, ter brisoner ish guilty. I dinks, derefore, Mr. Foreman, he petter pe hung next Fourth of July.

STARS IN MY COUNTRY'S SKY.

L. H. S.

ARE ye all there? Are ye all there,
Stars of my country's sky?
Are ye *all* there? *Are ye all there?*
In your shining homes on high?
"Count us! count us," was their answer,
As they dazzled on my view,
In glorious perihelion,
Amid their field of blue.

I cannot count you rightly;
There's a cloud with sable rim;
I cannot make your numbers out,
For my eyes with tears are dim.
Oh! bright and blessed angel,
On white wing floating by,
Help me to count, and not to miss
One star in my country's sky!

Then the angel touched mine eyelids,
And touched the frowning cloud;
And its sable rim departed,
And it fled with murky shroud.
There was no missing Pleiad,
'Mid all that sister race;
The Southern Cross gleamed radiant forth,
And the Pole-Star kept its place.

Then I knew it was the angel
Who woke the hymning strain
That our Redeemer's birth
Pealed out o'er Bethlehem's plain;
And still its heavenly key-tone
My listening country held,
For all her constellated stars
The diapason swelled.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

MRS. CAROLINE NORTON.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say:
The dying soldier faltered, and he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land:
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother, that her other son shall comfort her old age;
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would,—but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant tread,

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another—not a sister; in the happy days gone by;
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
O, friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),—
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk!
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strewn;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

[The following is taken from the funeral address delivered on the occasion of the obsequies of President Lincoln, April 19th, 1866, by the Rev. P. D. Gurley, D. D., who was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Washington, which Mr. Lincoln attended.]

PROBABLY no man since the days of Washington was ever so deeply enshrined in the hearts of the American people as Abraham Lincoln. Nor was it a mistaken confidence and love. He deserved it all. He deserved it by his character, by the whole tenor, tone, and spirit of his life. He was simple, sincere, plain, honest, truthful, just, benevolent and kind. His perceptions were quick and clear, his judgments calm and accurate, purposes good and pure beyond all question. Always and everywhere he aimed both to be right and to do right. His integrity was all-prevading, all-controlling, and incorruptible. As the chief magistrate of a great and inperilled people, he rose to the dignity and momentousness of the occasion. He saw his duty, and he determined to do his whole duty, seeking the guidance and leaning upon the arm of Him of whom it is written, "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

I speak what I know when I affirm that His guidance was the prop on which he humbly and habitually leaned. It was the best hope he had for himself and his country. When he was leaving his home in Illinois, and coming to this city to take his seat in the executive chair of a disturbed and troubled nation, he said to the old and tried friends who gathered tearfully around him and bade him farewell, "I leave you with this request,—pray for me." They did pray for him, and millions of others prayed for him. Nor did they pray in vain. Their prayers were heard. The answer shines forth with a heavenly radiance in the whole course and tenor of his administration, from its commencement to its close.

God raised him up for a great and glorious mission. He furnished him for his work and aided him in its accomplishment. He gave him strength of mind, honesty of heart, and purity and pertinacity of purpose. In addition to these He gave him also a calm and abiding confidence in an overruling Providence, and in the ultimate triumph of truth and righteousness through the power and blessing of God. This confidence strengthened him in his hours of anxiety and toil, and inspired him with a calm and cheerful hope when others were despondent.

Never shall I forget the emphasis and the deep emotion with which, in this very room he said to a company of clergymen, who had called to pay him their respects, in the darkest hour of our civil conflict, "Gentlemen, my hope of success in this great and terrible struggle rests on that immutable foundation, the justice and goodness of God. Even now, when the events seem most threatening, and the prospects dark, I still hope that in some way which man cannot see, all will be well in the end, and that as our cause is just, God is on our side."

Such was his sublime and holy faith. It was an anchor to his soul both sure and steadfast. It made him firm and strong. It emboldened him in the rugged and perilous pathway of duty. It made him valiant for the right, for the cause of God and humanity. It held him in steady, patient, and unswerving adherence to a policy which he thought, and which we all now think, both God and humanity required him to adopt.

We admired his child-like simplicity, his freedom from guile and deceit, his staunch and sterling integrity, his kind and forgiving temper, and his persistent, self-sacrificing devotion to all the duties of his eminent position. We admired his readiness to hear and consider the cause of the poor, the humble, the suffering, and the oppressed, and his readiness to spend and be spent for the attainment of that great triumph, the blessed fruits of which shall be as wide spreading as the earth, and as enduring as the sun.

All these things commanded the admiration of the world, and stamped upon his life and character the unmistakable impress of true greatness. More sublime than all these, more holy and beautiful, was his abiding confidence in God, and in the final triumph of truth and righteousness through him and for his sake. The friends of liberty and the Union will repair to his consecrated grave, through ages yet to come, to pronounce the memory of its occupant blessed, and to gather from his ashes and the rehearsal of his virtues fresh incentives to patriotism, and there renew their vows of fidelity to their country and their God.

THE RAVEN.

EDGAR A. POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I mutter'd, "tapping at my chamber door.
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore—
Nameless here forever more.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
Thrill'd me—fill'd me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger . hesitating then no longer,
" Sir," said I, " or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you "—here I open'd wide the door ;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before ;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whisper'd word " Lenore ! "
This I whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word " Lenore ! "
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
" Surely," said I, " surely that is something at my window-lattice ;
Let me see then what there at is, and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore ;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open then I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepp'd a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopp'd or stay'd he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,—
Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door,—
Perch'd, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
" Though thy crest be shorne and shaven, thou," I said, " art sure no craven ;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore ? "
Quoth the raven, " Nevermore ! "

Much I marvel'd this ungainly fowl to here discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was bless'd with seeing bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he utter'd—not a feather then he flutter'd—
Till I scarcely more than mutter'd, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Follow'd fast and followed faster, till his song one burden bore,—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of "Nevermore—nevermore!"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in front of bird, and bust, and door,
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer,
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he
hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss'd thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;
Clasp a fair and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked,
upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my
door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the
floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—*nevermore!*

THE LOYAL LEGION.

COLONEL CHAS. G. HALPINE (MILES O'RIELLY).

[This poem was read at the festival in honor of Washington's Birthday, given by the Military Order of the Loyal Legion in Philadelphia, Feb. 22d, 1866.]

FOREVER past the days of gloom,
The long, sad days of doubt and fear,
When woman, by her idle loom,
Heard the dread battle's nearing boom
With clasped hands and straining ear;
While each new hour the past pursues
With further threat of loss and pain,
Till the sick senses would refuse
To longer drink the bloody news
That told of sons and brothers slain.

The days of calm at length are won,
And, sitting thus, with folded hands,
We talk of great deeds greatly done,
While all the future seems to run
A silvery tide o'er golden sands.
With pomp the votive sword and shield
The saviors of the land return;
And while new shrines to Peace we build,
On our great banner's azure field
Yet larger constellations burn!

Who bore the flag—who won the day?
The young proud manhood of the land,
Called from the forge and plow away,
They seized the weapons of the fray
With eager but untutored hand;
They swarmed o'er all the roads that led
To where the peril hottest burned—
By night, by day, their hurrying tread
Still southward to the struggle sped,
Nor ever from their purpose turned.

Why tell how long the contest hung,
Now crowned with hope and now depressed,
And how the varying balance swung,
Until, like gold in furnace flung,
The truth grew stronger for the test?
'Twas our own blood we had to meet;
'Twas with full peers our swords were crossed
Till in the march, assault, retreat,
And in the school of stern defeat
We learned success at bloody cost.

Oh, comrades of the camp and deck!
All that is left by pitying Fate
Of those who bore through fire and wreck,
With sinewy arm and stubborn neck
His flag whose birth we celebrate!
Oh, men, whose names, forever bright
On history's golden tablets graved—
By land, by sea who waged the fight,
What guerdon will you ask to-night
For service done, for perils braved?

The charging lines no more we see,
No more we hear the din of strife;
Nor under every greenwood tree,
Stretched in their life's great agony.
Are those who wait the surgeon's knife;
No more the dreaded stretchers drip,
The jolting ambulances groan;
No more, while all the senses slip,
We hear from the soon silent lip
The prayer for death as balm alone!

And ye who, on the sea's blue breast,
And down the rivers of the land,
With clouds of thunder as a crest,
Where still your conquering prows were pressed—
War's lightnings wielded in your hand!

Ye, too, released, no longer feel
The threat of battle, storm and rock—
Torpedoes grating on the keel,
While the strained sides with broadsides reel,
And turrets feel the dinting shock.

Joint saviors of the land! To-day
What guerdon ask you of the land?
No boon too great for you to pray—
What can it give that could repay
The men we miss from our worn band?
The men who lie in trench and swamp,
The dead who rock beneath the wave—
The brother-souls of march and camp,
Bright spirits—each a shining lamp,
Teaching our children to be brave!

And thou—Great Shade! in whom was nursed
The germ and grandeur of our land—
In peace, in war, in reverence first,
Who taught our infancy to burst
The tightening yoke of Britain's hand!
Thou, too, from thy celestial height
Will join the prayer we make to-day—
"Homes for the crippled in the fight,
And, what of life is left, made bright
By all that gratitude can pay."

Teach these who loll in gilded seats,
With nodding plume and jewelled gown,
Boasting a pedigee that dates
Back to the men who swayed the fates
When thou wert battling Britain's crown,—
That ere the world a century swims
Through time—this poor, blue-coated host,
With brevet-rank of shattered limbs,
Will swell the fame in choral hymns
And be of pride the proudest boast!

Homes for the heroes we implore,
The brave who limbs and vigor gave,
That—North and South, from shore to shore
One free, rich, boundless country o'er—
The flag of Washington might wave;
The flag that first—the day recall—
Long years ago, one summer morn,
Flashed up o'er Independence Hall,
A meteor-messenger to all
That a new Nation here was born!

Oh, wives and daughters of the land!
To every gentler impulse true,
To you we raise the invoking hand,
Take pity on our stricken band,
These demi-gods disguised in blue!
More sweet than coo of pairing birds
Your voice when urging gentle deeds,
And power and beauty clothe her words—
A west wind through the heart's thrilled chords
When woman's voice for pity pleads.

To you I leave the soldier's doom,
Your glistening eyes assure me right;
Oh, think through many a night of gloom,
When round you all was light and bloom,
And he preparing for the fight—
The soldier bade his fancy roam
Far from the foe's battalions proud—
From camps, and hot steeds champing foam,
And fondly on your breast at home
The forehead of his spirit bowed!

Oh, by the legions of the dead,
Whose ears even yet our love may reach—
Whose souls, in fight or prison fled,
Now swarm in column overhead,
Winging with fire my faltering speech;—

From stricken fields and ocean caves
I hear their voice and cry instead—
"Gazing upon our myriad graves,
Be generous to the crippled braves
Who were the comrades of the dead!"

Our cause was holy to the height
Of holiest cause to manhood given;
For Peace and Liberty to smite,
And while the warm blood bounded bright,
For these to die, if called by Heaven!
The dead are cared for—in the clay
The grinning skull no laurel seeks;
But for the wounded of the fray
It is through my weak lips to-day
The ORDER OF THE LEGION speaks!

AGNES AND THE YEARS.

CELIA M. BURR.

"MAIDEN Agnes," said the Year in going,
"What the message I shall bear from thee
To the angels, who with love past knowing
Fed the life-lamp of thy infancy?
When I reach them they will murmur low,
'What of our Agnes doth thy record show?'"

"Tell them, tell them that beside the sea
I wait a passage to the Land of Morn;
For Hope has said, that o'er the waves to me
A goodly vessel by the winds is borne;
To waft me proudly to that sunny land
Where all the castles of my dreaming stand.

"Day after day I watch the ships go by,
And strain my eyes across the restless deep,
Where, dimly pictured 'gainst the summer sky,
The Hills of Morning in their beauty sleep.

But look! even now across the shining sea
The ship of promise bearing down for me."

"Woman Agnes, on the wreck-strewn shore,
When the angels of thy infancy
Ask if homeward turn thy steps once more,
What, I pray thee, shall my answer be?
'Tell us, tell us,' they will say, 'O, Year,
Draws the loved one unto us more near?'"

"Leave me, leave me: all is lost—is lost!
My goodly ship is crumbled in the deep;
My trusted helmsman in the breakers tossed;
All's wrecked, all's wasted, e'en the power to weep.
The mocking waves toss scornfully ashore
The ruined treasures that are mine no more.

"Leave me alone, to pore upon the waves,
Whitened with upturned faces of the dead;
Earth for such corpses has, alas! no graves;
No holy priest has *requiescat* said.
There's nothing left me but the bitter sea;
God and his angels have forgotten me."

"Christian Agnes, in the firelight dreaming,
What the message I shall bear from thee
To the angels, whose soft eyes are beaming
From the portal where they watch for me?
'Is she coming?' they will say; 'O, Year,
Draw her footsteps to the Homeland near?'"

"This the message—that I sit no more
With eyes bent idly on the Hills of Morn,
That in the tempest, on the wreck-strewn shore,
A holier purpose to my soul was born.
Give leave to labor, was the prayer I said,
Leaving the dead past to inter its dead.

"And it was granted. By my hearth to-night,
Tell the beloved ones, I sit alone,

But not unhappy; for the morning light
Will show my pathway with its uses strewn.
Happy in labor, say to them, O, Year,
I wait the Sabbath, which I trust draws near."

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.

CROLY.

Banished from Rome! What's banished but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!"—Who says this?
Who'll prove it at his peril, on my head?
Banished? I thank you for't! It breaks my chains!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour,
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities!
But here I stand and scoff you!—here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your consul's merciful. For this, all thanks!
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline!

* * * * * *

"Traitor!" I go,—but I return! This trial!
Here I devote your senate!—I've had wrongs,
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
And make the infant's sinews strong as steel,
This day's the birth of sorrow! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there henceforth shall sit for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus! all shames and crimes;
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones,
Till Anarchy come down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

OUR FOLKS.

NOTE.—The following beautiful and touching lines were taken from the knapsack of a *Union* soldier, who was found dead, upon the battle-field of Hatcher's Run, Va., in Nov., 1864. The original manuscript, torn and defaced, was presented to Major BARTON by Colonel EDWARD HILL, of the Sixteenth Michigan Infantry. The author is unknown.

Hi! Harry! Hallie! Halt, and tell
A soldier just a thing or two;
You've had a furlough! been to see
How all the folks in Jersey do;—
It's a year agone since I was there,
I, and a bullet from Fair Oaks.
Since you've been home, old comrade, true,
Say, did you see any of "our folks?"
You did? *Shake hands!* Oh, ain't I glad!
For if I do look grim and rough,
I've got *some* feeling.—People think
A *soldier's* heart is mighty tough!
But, Harry, when the bullets fly,
And hot saltpetre flames and smokes!
And whole battalions lie a-field!
One's apt to think about his folks.
And so you saw them! When and where?
The old man! Is he lively yet?
And mother—does she fade at all,
Or does she seem to pine and fret for me?
And little "sis," has she grown tall?
And then, you know, her friend, that
Annie Ross——How this pipe chokes:——
Come, Hal, and tell me, like a man,
All the news about our folks.
You saw them at the church, you say;
It's likely; for they're always there
On Sunday. What! No! A *funeral!*
Who? Why, Harry, how you halt and stare!
And all were well, and all were out?
Come, surely, this can't be a hoax!

Why don't you tell me, like a man,
What is the matter with our folks?"

* * * * *

"I said all well, old comrade dear,
I say *all well!* for He knows best,
Who takes His young lambs in His arms
Before the sun sinks in the West.
The soldier's stroke deals left and right,
But flowers fall as well as oaks—
And so, fair Annie blooms no more:
And that's the matter with '*your* folks.'
Here's this long curl, 'twas sent to you,
And this fair blossom, from her breast,
And here—your sister Bessie wrote
This letter telling all the rest.
Bear up, old friend,"——nobody speaks!
Only the dull camp raven *croaks*
And soldiers whisper, "*boys be still!*
There's some *bad news* from Granger's folks!'
He turned his back upon his grief
And sadly strove to hide the tears
Kind nature sends to woe's relief.
Then answered, "Ah, well! Hal, I'll try;
But in my throat there's something chokes
Because, you see, I'd thought so long
To count her in among *our* folks.
All may be well; but yet,
I can't help thinking, too,
I might have kept this trouble off
By being gentle, kind and true!—
But may be not. She's safe up there;
And when His hand deals other strokes
She'll stand at Heaven's gate, I know,
To wait and welcome "our folks."

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

JAMES WATSON.

O, THE snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the housetop, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along,
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicksome freak;
Beautiful snow from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love.

O, the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in glee with every one.
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurling by,
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye.
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around,
The town is alive, and the heart is aglow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye;
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,

To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street,
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face.
Father,
Mother,
Sister and all,
God and myself lost by the fall.
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will take a wide sweep least I wander too nigh;
For all that is honor about me, I know
There is nothing that's pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with no where to go;
How strange it would be when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain.
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan;
Too sad to be heard in the crazy town,
Gone mad in joy of the snow coming down,
To lie and die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

THE AMBITIOUS YOUTH.

ELIHU BURRITT.

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are two or three lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting abutments, "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky that is spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, though it is mid-day. It is a thousand feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of that vast arch which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel, where once the waters of a Niagara may have rushed in their fury.

The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads instinctively, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling of awe wears away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there and looked up with wonder to that everlasting arch.

They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone abutments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their jack-knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, and fired with this noble spirit, they draw themselves up and carve their names above those of a hundred tall, full-grown men, who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this exploit of physical exertion, except *one*, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name that will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall

rot in oblivion. It was the name of WASHINGTON. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, *he* had been there and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy to write his name side by side with the great "*Father of his country.*"

He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a gain into the limestone about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous feat, but, as he puts his feet and hands into these gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself, to his inexpressible exultation, a foot above every name that was ever chronicled in that mighty wall.

While his companions were regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep in that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The graduations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain, and marks his ascent with larger capitals, and stronger hieroglyphics. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, and their words are finally lost on his ear.

He now, for the last time, casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche of rock. An awful abyss, such a precipice as Golster's son depicted to his blind father, awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint from severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meager chance to escape destruction. There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands in the same niche

with his feet, and retain his slender hold for a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood."

He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brother and sister to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire; he knows what yearnings come over the human heart when the King of Terrors shakes his swords at his victim at any time or place. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and then there are hundreds standing in the rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the affecting catastrophe.

The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices, both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair, "William! William! don't look down. Your mother and Henry and Harriet are all here praying for you Don't look down—keep your eye toward the top!" The boy did *not* look down. His eye is fixed like a flint toward Heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts!

How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother and sister on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks and earth and trees.

He must now cut his way in a new direction to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is flickering out in his bosom; its vital heat is fired by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands, above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. A spy-glass below watches and communicates to the multitude every mark of that faithful knife. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all will be over. That blade is worn up to the last half inch. The boy's head reels, his eyes are starting from their sockets; his last hope is dying in his breast; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts.

At the last faint gash he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, drops from his little nerveless hand, and, ringing along down the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs, like a death knell, through the channel below, and then all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly a thousand feet the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closing his eyes, commends his soul to God.

While he thus stands for a moment reeling, trembling, toppling over into eternity, a shout from above falls on his ear. The man who is lying with half his body projecting over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's shoulders, and a smothered exclamation of joy bursts from his lips. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes; half-unclosing his eyes, and with faint, convulsive effort, the boy drops his arms through the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God" and "Mother" on his lips, just loud enough to be heard in Heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. The hands of a hundred men, women and children are pulling at that rope, and the unconscious boy is sus-

pended and swaying over an abyss, which is the closest representative of eternity that has yet been found in height or depth.

Not a lip moves while he is dangling there; but when a sturdy Virginian draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms in view of the trembling multitude below, such shouting, such leaping for joy, such tears of gratitude, such notes of gladness as went up those unfathomable barriers, and were reiterated and prolonged by the multitude above, were alone akin to those which angels make when a straying soul comes home to God.

THE FLAG OF WASHINGTON.

F. W. GILLETT.

Dear banner of my native land! ye gleaming, silver stars,
Broad, spotless ground of purity, crossed with your azure bars—
Clasped by the hero-father's hand—watched over in his might,
Through battle-hour and day of peace, bright morn and moonless night,
Because, within your clustering folds, he knew you surely bore
Dear Freedom's hope for human souls to every sea and shore!
O precious Flag! beneath whose folds such noble deeds are done—
The dear old Flag! the starry Flag! the Flag of Washington!

Unfurl, bright stripes—shine forth, clear stars—swing outward to the breeze—
Go bear your message to the wilds—go tell it on the seas,
That poor men sit within your shade, and rich men in their pride—
That beggar-boys and statesmen's sons walk 'neath you, side by side;
You guard the school-house on the green, the church upon the hill,
And fold your precious blessings round the cabin by the rill,
While weary hearts from every land beneath the shining sun
Find work, and rest, and home beneath the Flag of Washington.

And never, never on the earth, however brave they be,
Shall friends or foes bear down this great, proud standard of the Free,

Though they around its staff may pour red blood in rushing waves,
And build beneath its starry folds great pyramids of graves;
For God looks out, with sleepless eye, upon his children's deeds,
And sees, through all their good and ill, their sufferings and their needs;
And He will watch, and He will keep, till human rights have won,
The dear old Flag! the starry Flag! the Flag of Washington!

THE ABBOT OF WALTHAM.

ANONYMOUS.

Bluff Harry the Eighth was out hunting one day,
And outrode his henchman, and then lost his way:
He stumbled and grumbled, till weary and late,
He came to fair Waltham, and knock'd at the gate.
"So ho! worthy father, a yeoman is here,
Who craves for a bed, and a tithe of your cheer."
So they led him at once, to the large guesten hall,
And summoned the abbot, who came to the call.

Now the abbot was plump, as an abbot should be.
He ordered a chine and some good Malvoisie,
"And," quoth he, "honest yoeman, now spare not, I pray,
No beef have *I* tasted for many a day;
For, alas! I must own, that except for a bone
Of a capon or turkey, my appetite's gone.
I would give half my abbey for hunger like thine."
Said the King to himself, "You shall soon have a chine."

At sunrise the abbot took leave of his guest,
Who, grace to the beef, had enjoyed a good rest,
But ere the next sun in the west had gone down,
The Abbot of Waltham was summoned to town.
He was lodged in the Tower, and there, day by day,
Fed on dry bread alone, till his flesh fell away,
When a rich juicy chine on his table was placed,
And to do it full justice the abbot made haste.

Such a dinner few abbots had certainly made,
His mouth and his teeth kept good time to his blade,
He ground it, and found it most excellent meat,
And vow'd that a monarch would find it a treat.
"Ha! ha" cried bluff Harry, who entered his cell,
"I have helped your digestion, Lord Abbot, right well.
Go home to your monks, for your health is now sure,
But half of your abbey I claim for the cure!"

ODE TO AN INFANT SON.

THOMAS HOOD.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But, stop, first let me kiss away that tear,)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear,)
Thou merry, laughing spirit,
With spirits, feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin;
(My dear, the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestruck,
Light as the singing bird that rings the air,—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stairs!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parent's;—(Hang the boy!
There goes my ink.)

Thou cherub, but of earth;
Fit play-fellow for fairies, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls his tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,

Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,—
(Another tumble! That's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break that mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
(Where did he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that ring off with another shove,)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are these torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan,)
Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball, bestride the stick,—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk!
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove;
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above.)

THE SCHOLAR'S MISSION.

GEORGE PUTNAM.

THE wants of our time and country, the constitution of our modern society, our whole position, personal and relative,

forbid a life of mere scholarship or literary pursuits to the great majority of those who go out from our colleges. However it may have been in other times and other lands, here and now but few of our educated men are privileged

> "From the loopholes of retreat
> To look upon the world, to hear the sound
> Of the great Babel, and not feel its stir."

Society has work for us, and we must go forth to do it. Full early and hastily we must gird on the manly gown, gather up the loose leaves and scanty fragments of our youthful lore, and go out among men, to act with them and for them. It is a practical age; and our wisdom, such as it is, "must strive and cry, and utter her voice in the streets, standing in the places of the paths, crying in the chief place of concourse, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors."

This state of things, though not suited to the tastes and qualities of all, is not, on the whole, to be regretted by educated men as such. It is not in literary production only, or chiefly, that educated mind finds fit expression, and fulfils its mission in honor and beneficence. In the great theatre of the world's affairs there is a worthy and a sufficient sphere. Society needs the well-trained, enlarged, and cultivated intellect of the scholar in its midst; needs it and welcomes it, and gives it a place, or, by its own capacity, it will take a place of honor, influence, and power.

The youthful scholar has no occasion to deplore the fate that is soon to tear him from his studies, and cast him into the swelling tide of life and action. None of his disciplinary and enriching culture will be lost, or useless, even there. Every hour of study, every truth he has reached, and the toilsome process by which he reached it; the heightened grace, or vigor of thought or speech he has acquired,—all shall tell fully, nobly, if he will give heed to the conditions. And one condition—the prime one—is, that he be a true man, and recognize the obligation of a man, and go forth with heart, and will, and every gift and acquirement dedicated

lovingly and resolutely, to the true and the right. These are the terms: and apart from these there is no success, no influence to be had, which an ingenuous mind can desire, or which a sound and far-seeing mind would dare to ask.

Indeed, it is not an easy thing, nay, it is not a possible thing, to obtain a substantial success and an abiding influence, except on these terms. A factitious popularity, a transient notoriety, or, in the case of shining talents, the doom of a damning *fame*, may fall to bad men. But an honored name, enduring influence, a sun brightening on through its circuit, more and more, even to its serene setting—this boon of a true success goes never to intellectual qualities alone. It gravitates slowly, but surely, to weight of character, to intellectual ability rooted in principle.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE'S APOLOGY AND DEFENCE.

LORD LYTTON.

PAULINE, by pride
Angels have fallen ere thy time: by pride—
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—
The evil spirit of a bitter love
And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.
From my first years my soul was filled with thee:
I saw thee midst the flowers the lowly boy
Tended, unmarked by thee—a spirit of bloom,
And joy and freshness, as spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!
I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
Enter'd the breast of the wild-dreaming boy;
And from that hour I grew—what to the last
I shall be—thine adorer! Well, this love,
Vain, frantic—guilty, if thou wilt, became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope;
I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from kings
Have stoop'd from their high sphere; how Love, like Death,

Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home
In the soft palace of a fairy Future!
My father died; and I, the peasant-born,
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate;
And, with such jewels as the exploring mind
Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin jailers of the daring heart—
Low birth and iron fortune. Thy bright image,
Glass'd in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
And lured me on to those inspiring toils
By which man masters men! For thee, I grew
A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages!
For thee, I sought to borrow from each Grace,
And every Muse, such attributes as lend
Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,
And passion taught me poesy,—of thee,
And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty!—Art became the shadow
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes!
Men called me vain—some, mad—I heeded not;
But still toil'd on—hoped on,—for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel more worthy, thee!

* * * * * * *

At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
The thoughts that burst their channels into song,
And sent them to thee—such a tribute, lady,
As beauty rarely scorns—even from the meanest.
The name—appended by the burning heart
That long'd to show its idol what bright things
It had created—yea, the enthusiast's name,
That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn!
That very hour—when passion, turn'd to wrath,
Resembled hatred most—when thy disdain
Made my whole soul a chaos—in that hour
The tempters found me a revengeful tool
For their revenge! Thou hadst tran pled on the worm—
It turned, and stung thee!

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

SAMUEL FERGUSSON, Q. C.

Come, see the Dolphin's anchor forged; 'tis at a white heat now;
The billows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle-chains, the black mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe;
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O, Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright, the high sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show;
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy, lurid row
Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe;
As quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow—
"Hurrah!" they shout, leap out—leap out:" bang, bang, the sledges go;
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strow
The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow;
And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke, pant "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly anchor, a bower, thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road;
The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains,
But courage still, brave mariners, the bower still remains,

And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky-high,
Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing—here
am I!"
Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time,
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime!
But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burden be,
The Anchor is the Anvil King, and royal craftsmen we;
Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull their rustling red!
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped;
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the Yeo-heave-o, and the Heave-away, and the sighing seaman's
cheer;
When weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home,
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last.
A shapely one he is, and strong as e'er from cat was cast.
A trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
O, deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoary monsters' palaces! methinks what joy 'twere now
To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging
tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish, of bony blade forlorn,
And for the ghastly grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
He lies, a lubber anchorage, for sudden shallowed miles;
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls,
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far-astonished shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean calves; or haply in a cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard-by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O, broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?
The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons that tugs thy cable line:
And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play;
But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave,
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O, lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient friend—
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride, thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of fatherland—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy church-yard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes, as the lairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,

And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O, father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O, father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh, say, what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O, father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word!
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the glancing snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board;

Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared.

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ, save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE MAN OF ROSS.

ALEXANDER POPE.

——All our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:

Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blessed,
The young who labor, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Baulked are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
O, say! what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays!
And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue filled the space between;
Proved by the ends of being to have been.

NO WORK THE HARDEST WORK.

C. F. ORNE.

Ho! ye who at the anvil toil,
And strike the sounding blow,
Where from the burning iron's breast
The sparks fly to and fro,
While answering to the hammer's ring,
And fire's intenser glow—
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And sweat the long day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye who till the stubborn soil,
Whose hard hands guide the plough,
Who bend beneath the summer sun,
With burning cheek and brow—
Ye deem the curse still clings to earth
From olden time till now—
But while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labor all day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye who plough the sea's blue field,
Who ride the restless wave,
Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel
There lies a yawning grave,
Around whose bark the wintry winds
Like fiends of fury rave—
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labor long hours through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye upon whose fevered cheeks
The hectic glow is bright,
Whose mental toil wears out the day
And half the weary night;
Who labor for the souls of men,
Champions of truth and right;
Although ye feel your toil is hard,
Even with this glorious view,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! all who labor, all who strive,
Ye wield a lofty power;
Do with your might, do with your strength,
Fill every golden hour!
The glorious privilege to do,
Is man's most noble dower.

Oh! to your birthright and yourselves,
To your own souls, be true!
A weary, wretched life is theirs,
Who have no work to do.

WHAT IS TIME?

MARSDEN.

I ASKED an aged man, with hoary hairs,
Wrinkled and curved with worldly cares;
"Time is the warp of life," said he, "oh, tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"
I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
"Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode!"
I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins; "Time!" he replied;
"I've lost it! ah, the treasure!"—and he died.
I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years;
They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare,"
And bade me for Eternity prepare.
I asked the Seasons, in their annual round,
Which beautify or desolate the ground;
And they replied (no oracle more wise),
"'Tis Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest prize!"
I asked a spirit lost,—but oh, the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak,
It cried, "A particle! a speck! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"
Of things inanimate my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply,—
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path of glory or the path of hell."
I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
"Time is the present hour, the past has fled;

Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."
I asked old Father Time himself at last;
But in a moment he flew swiftly past,
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.
I asked the mighty angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land;
"Mortal!" he cried, the mystery now is o'er;
Time was, Time is, but time shall be no more!"

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS'S ORATION OVER THE BODY OF LUCRETIA.

J. H. PAYNE.

Would you know why I summoned you together?
Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this dagger,
Clotted with gore! Behold that frozen corse!
See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!
She was the mark and model of the time,
The mould in which each female face was formed,
The very shrine and sacristy of virtue!
Fairer than ever was a form created
By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild,
And never resting thought is all on fire!
The worthiest of the worthy! Not the nymph
Who met old Numa in his hallowed walks,
And whispered in his ear her strains divine,
Can I conceive beyond her;—the young choir
Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'Tis wonderful
Amid the darnel, hemlock, and base weeds,
Which now spring rife from the luxurious compost
Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose,—
How from the shade of those ill-neighboring plants
Her father sheltered her, that not a leaf
Was blighted, but, arrayed in purest grace,
She bloomed unsullied beauty. Such perfections

Might have called back the torpid breast of age
To long-forgotten rapture; such a mind
Might have abashed the boldest libertine
And turned desire to reverential love,
And holiest affection! Oh, my countrymen!
You all can witness when that she went forth
It was a holiday in Rome; old age
Forgot its crutch, labor its task,—all ran,
And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried,
"There, there's Lucretia!" Now, look ye, where she lies
That beauteous flower, that innocent sweet rose,
Torn up by ruthless violence—gone! gone! gone!
Say, would you seek instruction? would ye ask
What ye should do? Ask ye yon conscious walls,
Which saw his poisoned brother,—
Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
O'er her dead father's corse, 'twill cry, Revenge!
Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple
With human blood, and it will cry, Revenge!
Go to the tomb where lies his murdered wife,
And the poor queen, who loved him as her son,
Their unappeased ghosts will shriek, Revenge!
The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heavens,
The gods themselves, shall justify the cry,
And swell the general sound, Revenge! Revenge!
And we will be revenged, my countrymen!
Brutus shall lead you on; Brutus, a name
Which will, when you're revenged, be dearer to him
Than all the noblest titles earth can boast.
Brutus your king!—No, fellow-citizens!
If mad ambition in this guilty frame
Had strung one kingly fibre, yea, but one—
By all the gods, this dagger which I hold
Should rip it out, though it entwined my heart.
Now take the body up. Bear it before us
To Tarquin's palace; there we'll light our torches,
And in the blazing conflagration, rear
A pile for these chaste relics, that shall send
Her soul amongst the stars. On! Brutus leads you!

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER ?

DOANE.

What is that, mother ?—
The Lark, my child,—
The morn has just looked out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother ?—
The Dove, my son,—
And that low, sweet voice, like the widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother ?—
The Eagle, boy,
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm, in his own mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying ;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother ?—
The Swan, my love,—
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh ;
He is floating down by himself to die.

Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet it may waft thee home.

A COLLOQUY WITH MYSELF.

BERNARD BARTON.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
And myself replied to me;
And the questions myself then put to myself
With their answers, I give to thee.
Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself,
Their responses the same should be,
Oh! look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
Or so much the worse for thee.

What are Riches? Hoarded treasures
May, indeed, thy coffers fill;
Yet, like earth's most fleeting pleasures,
Leave thee poor and heartless still.

What are Pleasures? When afforded
But by gauds which pass away,
Read their fate in lines recorded
On the sea-sands yesterday.

What is Fashion? Ask of Folly,
She her worth can best express.
What is moping Melancholy?
Go and learn of Idleness.

What is Truth? Too stern a preacher
For the prosperous and the gay!
But a safe and wholesome teacher
In Adversity's dark day.

What is Friendship? If well founded,
Like some beacon's heavenward glow;

If on false pretensions grounded,
Like the treacherous sand below.

What is Love? If earthly only,
Like a meteor of the night;
Shining but to leave more lonely
Hearts that hailed its transient light:

But when calm, refined, and tender,
Purified from passion's stain,
Like the moon, in gentle splendor,
Ruling o'er the peaceful main.

What are Hopes, but gleams of brightness,
Glancing darkest clouds between?
Or foam-crested waves, whose whiteness
Gladdens ocean's darksome green.

What are Fears? Grim phantoms, throwing
Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way,
Every moment darker growing,
If we yield unto their sway.

What is Mirth? A flash of lightning,
Followed but by deeper gloom.
Patience? More than sunshine brightening
Sorrow's path, and labor's doom.

What is Time? A river flowing
To Eternity's vast sea,
Forward, whither all are rowing,
On its bosom bearing thee.

What is Life? A bubble floating
On that silent, rapid stream;
Few, too few, its progress noting,
Till it bursts, and ends the dream.

What is Death, asunder rending
Every tie we love so well?

But the gate to life unending,
Joy, in heaven! or woe, in hell!

Can these truths, by repetition,
Lose their magnitude or weight?
Estimate thine own condition,
Ere thou pass that fearful gate.

Hast thou heard them oft repeated,
Much may still be left to do:
Be not by profession cheated;
Live—as if thou knewest them true.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
And myself replied to me;
And the questions myself then put to myself,
With their answers, I've given to thee.
Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
Their responses the same should be,
Oh! look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
Or so much the worse for thee.

SAINT PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH.

DR. BYROM.

Saint Philip Neri, as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day;
And being ever courteously inclined
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him; and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us.

Saint. Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome?
Youth. To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.
Saint. And, when you are one, what do you intend?
Youth. To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.
Saint. Suppose it so—what have you next in view?
Youth. That I may get to be a canon, too.

SAINT. Well; and how then?
YOUTH. Why, then, for aught I know,
I may be made a bishop.
SAINT. Be it so—
What then?
YOUTH. Why, cardinal's a high degree—
And yet my lot it possibly may be.
SAINT. Suppose it was, what then?
YOUTH. Why, who can say
But I've a chance of being pope one day?
SAINT. Well, having worn the mitre and red hat,
And triple crown, what follows after that?
YOUTH. Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,
Upon this earth that wishing can procure:
When I've enjoyed a dignity so high,
As long as God shall please, then I must die.
SAINT. What! must you die? fond youth! and at the best
But wish, and hope, and may be all the rest!
Take my advice—whatever may betide,
For that which must be, first of all provide;
Then think of that which may be, and indeed,
When well prepared, who knows what may succeed?
But you may be, as you are pleased to hope,
Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal and pope.

THE CHAMELEON.

MERRICK.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop:

" Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen—and sure I ought to know "—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.
Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that;
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
" A stranger animal," cries one,
" Sure never lived beneath the sun:
A lizard's body lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its tooth with triple claw disjoined;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"
" Hold there!" the other quick replies,
" 'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray;
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food."
" I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade."
" 'Tis green! 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."
" Green!" cries the other, in a fury:
" Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
" 'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
" For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them but of little use."
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referred;
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,

Whether the thing was green or blue.
"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candlelight:
I marked it well—'twas black as jet—
You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it."—"Pray, sir, do;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I'll be sworn, that, when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
"Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out:
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him,"
He said; then full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.
Both stared, the man looked wondrous wise—
"My children," the Chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
"You all are right, and all are wrong:
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you:
Nor wonder, if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

HENRY THE FOURTH'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

SHAKSPEARE.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,

Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
O! thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamors in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot.
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low-lie-down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

ON PROCRASTINATION.

YOUNG.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel; and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise:
At least their own; their future selves applaud:

How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone,
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where passed the shaft no trace is found,
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Even with the tender tears which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

APPENDIX.

THE design of the author in preparing this small volume, was, that he might present in a condensed form a work that would contain a suitable variety and a sufficient number of selections for elocutionary practice. Since its publication, many teachers have solicited the author to present a more extensive analysis of the principles of reading; that the work might be made more practical as a text book on reading to the class of pupils usually found in the upper classes in our public schools and seminaries.

We would not here present to the students a long series of rules which, at best, are of but little worth. There are many introductory principles that find their proper place in our elementary readers; and we would not increase the size of our volume by repeating them.

Elaborate treatises on the subject of elocution are of value to those desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of the art. An intermediate course, however, is demanded by the pupils of our schools. We should give them less of the theory, more of the practice.

The cultivation of the pure tone should receive special attention. A clear and distinct enunciation is the first essential requisite of a good reader. This can be attained. It may require time, but it will richly compensate the student for all his toil. Suggestions are given for the cultivation of clear and full tones in our brief analysis on the first few pages. We would suggest as an auxiliary exercise that the student read a selection backward—the teacher placing himself on

the opposite side of the room. Should the student fail to enunciate a single word distinctly, his attention should be called to it. This exercise might be practised in the open air, and it will be productive of good results. Care should be taken, however, that no vocal exercise be continued for so long a time that the voice becomes wearied.

We give below a few combinations, which should be first pronounced by the teacher and then by the student or class. This exercise will be found of value in securing distinct articulation. A brief elementary exercise in gymnastics will have a salutary effect upon the class if given directly before the vocal drill.

EXERCISE IN ENUNCIATION.

bd—orb'd, prob'd, rob'd, sob'd
ld—bold, hail'd, toll'd, mail'd.
lm—helm, whelm, film, elm.
ls—falls, tells, toils, rolls.
nk—bank, drink, link, rink.
rvd—curv'd, swerv'd, starv'd, serv'd.
rnd—burn'd, turn'd, spurn'd, warm'd.
thd—breath'd, wreath'd, sheath'd, bequeath'd.
lst—call'st, till'st, roll'st, heal'st.
dst—mind'st, call'dst, fill'dst, roll'dst.
ngs—rings, wrongs, hangs, songs.
ngd—clang'd, wrong'd, hang'd, bang'd.
rdst—heard'st, reward'st, guard'st, discard'st.
br—brave, bread, brink, bright.
shr—shrine, shroud, shriek, shrub.
fl—flame, fly, flee, flit.

EXAMPLES IN PITCH.

MIDDLE PITCH—PURE TONE.

1. "Probably no man since the days of Washington was ever so deeply enshrined in the hearts of the American people as Abraham Lincoln. Nor was it a mistaken confidence and love. He deserved it all. He deserved it in his character. by the whole tenor, tone,

and spirit of his life. He was simple, sincere, plain, honest, truthful, just, benevolent and kind."

SAME PITCH AND TONE AS PRECEDING EXAMPLE.

2. "Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The cluster'd spires of Frederick stand,
Green-wall'd by the hills of Maryland."

VERY LOW PITCH—PURE EXPULSIVE TONE.

1. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not a few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow."

SAME PITCH—OROTUND EXPULSIVE TONE.

2. "'Tis midnight's holy hour,—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the knell
Of the departed year."

VERY HIGH PITCH—OROTUND EFFUSIVE TONE.

1. "Ah! there's a deathless name!
A spirit that the smothering vaults shall spurn,
And, like a steadfast planet, mount and burn—
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone—
By all the fiery stars! I'd bind it on!"

EXAMPLES IN EMPHASIS AND SLIDE.

1. "True eloquence, indeéd, *does not* consist in speèch."
2. "Sink or swim, live or die, I *am* for the declaration."
3. "I *will* not, MUST not, DARE not grant your wish."
4. "It must exist in the *màn*, in the *súbject*, and in the OCCASION."
5. "John Maynard was well known in the lake district as a God-feàring, hónest and intèlligent pilot."
6. "In her attic window the staff *she* set,
To show that one heart was LOYAL yet."

EXAMPLES OF THE RHETORICAL PAUSE.

1. "He has passed to that world | where the weary are at rest."
2. "Tell father when he comes from work, I said | good night | to him."
3. "I come to bury ¦ Cæsar, not to praise | him."
4. "There's but one pair of stockings | to mend to-night."
5. "'Twas said ¦ that far through the forest wild,
   And over the mountain bold,
   Was a land | whose rivers and darkening caves |
   Were gemmed with the rarest gold."

EXAMPLES OF PERSONATION.

1. "'But General,' cried the veteran, a flush upon his brow,
   The very men who fought with us, they say are traitors now.'"

2. "'How far are we from Buffalo?'
   'Seven miles.'
   'How long before we can reach there?'
   'Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam.'"

3. "She leaned far out on the window-sill,
   And shook it forth with a *royal* will,
   'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
   But spare your country's flag,' she said."

4. "No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink;
   Roger and I are *exceedingly* moral.
   Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink!—
   Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel."

All the exercises given in this appendix are selected from pieces which are given in full in this volume. By careful study of the analysis here given the student will have a better appreciation of the pieces themselves, and, therefore, be better prepared to begin the study of them. The examples of personation are given without any special analysis—we need give none—we would simply repeat what we have said before; *clearly understand the character, and imitate true to life.*

We would ask the student ever to bear this thought in mind—*Be natural.* You should be students of nature and observers of men. Do not confound the word "natural" with the word "habitual." The habits into which you have fallen may be wrong—your habitual style of reading may be very incorrect—but if you follow nature's laws you cannot err. Cultivate an easy and graceful position and carriage, and study the true philosophy of gesture for the natural expression of *thought.*

We would suggest as one of the best methods of teaching gesture that the teacher have the class rise and take one of two positions, *i. e.*, the weight resting on either right or left foot. He should practise them in advancing and retiring—requiring them to step as he counts. The exercise will inspire confidence, and relieve all of any embarrassment which they might feel if called up one by one. Continue this exercise until all move naturally and easily. Give the class now some simple sentence requiring a single gesture—have them recite the sentence and make the gesture with you—next, take a passage from some selection and have them give it with all the gestures. The teacher during this exercise should always stand in front of the class, and give them a correct model. We well know that no work on this subject can fully supply the place of a living teacher. We have taken it for granted that the teacher knows how to gesticulate himself. An elocutionary exercise must be a dull and lifeless one if the teacher be ignorant of the art of reading.

We now place this little manual in the hands of earnest teachers, trusting that they will find in it a sufficient number and variety of selections to meet the demands of the school-room.

TESTIMONIALS.

From Prof. J. V. N. STANDISH, A.M., late President of the Illinois State Teachers' Association.

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Recitation	1	
Recitation	1	
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